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THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY

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MR. SIMKIN DRESSING FOR THE BALL.

Designed and Engraved by S. Williams.

"But what with my Nivernois' hat can compare,
Bag-wig, and laced ruffles, and black solitaire?
And what can a man of true fashion denote,
Like an ell of good riband tyed under the throat?"

See page 73.

THE

NEW BATH GUIDE.

WE THREE

BLUNDER

Drawn and Engraved by S. Williams.

ROYAL

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it."

"He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope."—SHAKESPEARE.

"When any difficult work 's to be done,
Three heads can despatch it much better than one.'—ANSTEY.

THE

NEW BATH GUIDE;

OR

Memoirs of the B—n—r—d Family,

IN A SERIES OF

POETICAL EPISTLES:

BY

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, Esq.

Nullus in orbe locus Baiis prælucet amœnis.—Hor.

B 210

A NEW EDITION:

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL PREFACE, AND ANECDOTICAL ANNOTATIONS.

BY

JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A.,
AND MEMBER OF SEVERAL OTHER SOCIETIES.

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EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS BY G. CRUIKSHANK, &c.

LONDON:
HENRY WASHBOURNE, SALISBURY SQUARE.

M,DCCC,XXXII.

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(ORIGINAL ADDRESS)

TO THE READER.

I HERE present you with a collection of Letters written by a Family during their residence at BATH. The first of them, from a romantic young Lady, addressed to her Friend in the country, will bring you acquainted with the rest of the characters, and save you the trouble of reading a dull introductory Preface from

Your humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

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A DEDICATORY EPISTLE

TO THE

RESPECTABLE BOOKSELLERS OF BATH.

" I mean not here
To wound with *Flattery*,—'tis a villain's art—
And suits not with the frankness of my heart."
CHURCHILL'S *Dedication to the Rosciad.*

GENTLEMEN,

WHILST some authors dedicate their works to " Prince Posterity," to " Somebody," to " Nobody," to " Anybody," and to " Everybody,"— to Crowned heads — to Mitred heads — to Coronetted heads— and to Blunder-heads,— I do not aspire to court either of those illustrious classes. The ears of such persons have been so often fumigated with the incense of flattery, that, like the *gourmand's* palate, they are become callous, or satiated; and the plain, unseasoned language of truth and sincerity is insipid to them. High-seasoned praise and flummery may indeed play upon their tympanums, and produce momentary amusement; but even this is not likely to reach the heart, every direct and circuitous road to that noble organ of man being so much crowded by sycophancy and adulation, that there is no passage for candour and honesty. On the contrary, all *your* senses, as well as your judgment and understanding, are untainted and uncontaminated. Authors never praise you; for they say that you live on their brains, and that your profits are derived from the vital current of their existence. But, from long experience, I deny these invidious charges;

and am prepared to shew that you are the author's best friends — his best advisers — and his best patrons.

The age of Patron-*age* is passed away; — the days of Shakspeare and Southampton; of Dryden, and of princes, dukes, and earls;* of Sterne, and of Pitt and Halifax,† are gone by, and only to be found recorded on your shelves, and in the reader's memory. Then, great lords and little authors ran in pairs; the former conferring and receiving compliment by the association, and the latter obtaining, in return, a knowledge of the manners of nobility, with some of the favours which affluence is enabled to bestow. It is true that a Bedford, Lansdowne, Spenser, Holland, Hope, and Broadley, of the present day, not only treat authors and artists with courtesy and kindness, but also with a dignified familiarity, which relieves the latter from the tight lacings of restraint, and the oppressive load of obligation. Such conduct and condescension are far above all pecuniary patronage. Hence authors are emancipated from

* Dr. Johnson, speaking of one of Dryden's Dedications, says, "It is in a strain of flattery which disgraces genius, and which it is wonderful that any man that knew the meaning of his own words could use without self-detestation."

† Sterne's Dedication, in his inimitable *Tristram Shandy*, "to be let, or sold for fifty guineas," is finely satirical, as indeed are most of his writings. The late Mr. Sheridan played off a piece of "wicked wit" on a vain young lady, of Bath, of the deep-blue species. She complained to the young dramatist and embryo statesman, that the authors of Bath had sadly neglected her, by not addressing a poem, book, or some literary compliment to her. On the next visit, Sheridan presented a volume which he had expressly written and had printed for, as well as *dedicated* to, this female Mecænas. It was a sort of nursery tale, bound and gilt in imitation of the popular children's books of the time, "printed for Francis Newbery," at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard; and we can easily fancy that it now ranks among the rarities of literature.

the trammels of vassalage and dependence, and can speak as fully and freely of kings and nobles as of their immediate associates and equals. This is as it should be: in addressing you, I feel no restraint,—no chains about the mind; and you are equally independent. You will neither buy nor recommend a book that is worthless—that has not its own passport within. No adulation of an author will tempt you to puff up the balloon of folly, which in its ascent will impeach your judgment.

When I affirm that you compose a respectable, obliging, honest, industrious, and well-informed class of society,—that you are a credit to your calling—and that authors would be mere *scribes*, if not pharisees, without ye, I neither flatter nor misrepresent. If I further assert that you are the true and best Mecænases of modern literature, and am prepared to verify the assertion, I feel confident of obtaining an honourable verdict in any open court of criticism. Simple, unvarnished truth is not flattery. The smile that is assumed to betray, and the broad, unqualified compliment that seduces the dupe, and emanates from deception, come strictly within the meaning of flattery. Let us hear the definitions and descriptions of that arch-poet, Peter Pindar, on this subject:—

"*Fair praise* is sterling gold—all should desire it:
Flatt'ry's base coin—a cheat upon the nation;
And yet our vanity doth much admire it,
And really gives it all its circulation.

" *Flatt'ry 's* a sly, insinuating screw,
The world a bottle of Tokay so fine —
The engine always can its cork subdue,
And make an easy conquest of the wine.

" *Flatt'ry's* a pert French milliner, — a jade
Covered with rouge, and flauntingly array'd ;
Makes saucy love to every man she meets,
And offers e'en her favours in the streets :
And yet, instead of heeding public hisses,
Divines so grave, — Philosophers can bear her,
Nay, court the smiling harlot's *very kisses*, —
What's stranger still, with childish rapture hear her."

After such a description of Flattery, it were worse than dotage for one of my years and occupation to notice the meretricious wiles of this all-be-rouged baggage. Believe me, sirs, I have innate antipathies to the smooth, oily, sinister, sophisticated, and delusive language of this " French milliner" — who courts with honied tongue ; but who, like the viper, has venom in her tooth. — " That which melteth fools," says Shakspeare, " is sweet words, low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning."

If I have not already verified the Churchillian maxim above quoted, I must refer you to the witnesses who will be called into court in the ensuing pages ; and proceed further to shew my reasons for distinguishing you as the patrons of this " New Bath Guide," and justify the propriety of my election. That authors would be poorly rewarded without the aid (and

patronage) of booksellers, is evinced by the practices of those "hawkers and pedlars" of literature who traverse the country to collect subscriptions, and to sell their own "home-spun" goods;—a practice that would certainly be "more honoured in the breach than the observance." If, however, patronised by you—placed on your best shelf—occasionally displayed in your eye-trap windows—laid temptingly open upon your engaging counters—and, still further, if recommended by your soft and insinuating praises—the Author is secure of success, and his book must sell. He may then again meditate and speculate in his closet, and may also obtain a remunerating reward from his publisher; for his publisher, like himself, is influenced by your demands and your patronage.

That you are, or may be, the Mecænases of literature, I can fully demonstrate by a recent fact. A London author published a handsome and respectable volume: a bookseller in a large provincial town fancied that it was calculated for a few of his customers; he ordered twenty-five copies, and distributed them with success. Four other rival booksellers in the same town recommended the same to their respective friends, by stating that Lord A——, Lady B——, Sir John C——, the Rev. Dr. D——, and the Mistresses and Misses E's——, had all taken copies of the said *interesting* book. The sale was "prodigious," for all talked about, or wrote about, or heard about, the said work; and a second edition was soon provided. Thus you see what may be done, by active zeal,

or bibliopolical interference, to serve an author, a London publisher, and the cause of literature. It would certainly ill become me to offer *you* advice in your own business, or even to hint how easily you might give immense *éclat* to the *new* edition of the *New Bath Guide*. Fashion is omnipotent, and you are its god-fathers and god-mothers in literature. The sale of a book must be great if you say so: every-body must read what every-body talks about, and every-body must buy what every-body praises. What has occasioned the sale of 22,000 copies of the new edition of the Waverley Novels? Why the ever-talkative, ever-echoing voice of Rumour. Do not, however, suppose that the Guide, or his *noted* editor, has any claims to comparison with the north-star of poetry and romance — the polar magnet that attracts and transfixes all the readers of Europe. You very well know that many of your lack-a-daisical polite customers do not give themselves the trouble to read hard, or fag through books, like hackney critics.* No—they are quite satisfied with *your* reports, or hints; they are willing to be prompted in the morning for the characters they have to perform in the evening. Fashionable novels and poems — pretty

* I must really *note* this phrase. It is the hurried expression of the moment, and is rather applied to the past than to the present state of literature. *We* professional, and even amateur reviewers, are neither hackneyed, nor addicted to the old-fashioned practice of reading works in order to understand or to write about them. In Quarterly, Edinburgh, Monthly, and Weekly Reviews, *we* contrive to produce tolerably (sometimes *in*-tolerably) long essays on a work, or rather subject, without furnishing the reader with the least information respecting the merits or demerits of the publication itself.

prints — caricatures — may be laid on their tables, to keep up appearances — to shew their taste and manifest *their* patronage. There are, however, many persons who frequent your critical cabinets, who both ask for, and can impart information respecting the "pursuits of literature;" who regard the meritorious author as an ornament and honour to his species; and who, whilst they are seeking knowledge and deriving pleasure from his teeming pages, are willing to award him at once their praises and their gratitude. The ephemeral literature and politics of the day may be said to engross too much of the thoughts and feelings of mankind. Hence time is consumed, passions are disturbed, party animosities are excited, and the mind distracted. It is at once the province and duty of "*polite literature*" to cure and counteract these intellectual diseases; and your good sense and taste may be beneficially employed in promoting the cause of mental and moral reform.

Bath society has generally been regarded as made up of fashionables, idlers, gamesters, and fanatics; the latter of which, indeed, may be considered as a compound, or residuum of the other three: but you are aware that many of its denizens, as well as visitants, have no moral or mental affinities with those impurities in the stream of life. In former times, as well as in the present, we find that men of genius —of the first class of learning — of the highest order of art — of pre-eminent station — and of moral and intellectual worth in various departments, have given to your romantic and beautiful city the advantage of their society, and the compliment

of their admiration. To enumerate all these would make an extended list: suffice it to name the following in confirmation of my remark: — Warburton, Hurd, Pope, Fielding, Smollett, Warton, Anstey, Harington, Rauzzini, West, Lawrence, Gainsborough, Hoare, Sheridan, Graves, Meyler, Lee, Pownall, Carte, Allen, Lady Miller, Piozzi, Macauley, Pratt, the Linleys, and Bowdlers, Wood, Beckford, Bartley, Parry, Falconer, Warner, Hunter, Montgomery, &c. &c. &c.

These are venerated names in the calendar of intellect; and as the natal place and haunts of genius must ever claim the devotion of her votaries, the fame of Bath will continue on record when her hot waters shall have ceased to flow, and her crescents and circuses are levelled to the earth.

As master of the ceremonies to *Anstey-redivivus*, I wish to explain what he was, and what he is; and also propitiate your votes and interest whenever a vacancy occurs in the envied office of Historiographer, either to your fashionable, or to your civic corporation — or rather to both in unison. Thus my motives for this Dedication are avowed — and I have now only to offer my best wishes for your health; may every happiness attend you in domestic relations, good business in the shop, good cheer for a friend, and good resources to couch and canopy the decline of life!

J. BRITTON.

London, April 1, 1830.

ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, ESQ.

WITH REMARKS ON THE PAST AND PRESENT CHARACTERISTICS OF BATH;

CONCLUDING

WITH ANTICIPATORY AND ADMONITORY COMMENTS ON ITS FUTURE STATE.

"Queen of the west! around whose storied walls
The shadowy visitors of departed years
Still lingering dwell, and at whose ancient name
Our classic dreams awake:—
And now, BATHONIA! nestled in the lap
Of circumjacent hills, thy countless roofs
Rise glitt'ring." R. MONTGOMERY.

THE *blunder-heads*, — the wrong-heads,— the pig-heads, — the soft-heads, — and the block-heads, have prevailed in all ages, in all countries, and in all classes of society. Satirists, dramatists, and divines, have, in various ways, admonished, and endeavoured to make them rational and useful beings; but have not effected much reformation. Obstinacy and folly are not easily directed or amended. From the days of Juvenal to those of Anstey, and thenceforward to the age of those

masters of the satiric muse, Gifford, Byron, and Moore, poets have employed the lash of castigation, as well as the cap-and-bells, either to correct, or to awaken to a sense of shame, the delinquents against the laws of good sense and good taste. Churchill, in his "Apology," says —

> "The Muses' office was by Heaven design'd
> To please, improve, instruct, reform mankind;
> To make dejected virtue nobly rise
> Above the tow'ring pitch of splendid vice;
> To make pale vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
> And, trembling, crouch to virtue's awful frown."
>
> * * * *
>
> "Lives there a man whom satire cannot reach?"

Satire and ridicule will often produce good effects where the eloquent sermon, and equally eloquent moral essay, have failed. These writings, indeed, are either unsought for, or incomprehensible to the blunderheads; but "the finger of scorn," and the sneer of ridicule, are both cognizable and feared by them. They do not like "to be sent to Coventry," but would rather lounge through a vapid career of uselessness amongst the dandies of Bath, Cheltenham, Brighton, Margate, and such-like places. Coming, however, occasionally

into collision with men of sense and sensibility, they provoke at once the mingled emotions of pity, indignation, and contempt. Hence has arisen the severe, but just animadversions of dramatists, novelists, and poets, on fops and flirts — on dolts and coxcombs — on quacks of all callings, and dunder-heads of all degrees.

Recommended to visit and reside at Bath for the benefit of its health-giving waters, Mr. Anstey was necessarily impelled to mix with some of the drones who infested that salubrious hive. To amuse himself and his friends, and at the same time "shoot folly as it flies," he penned this series of poetical epistles, which were first published in 1766, under the title of "The New Bath Guide; or, Memoirs of the B—n—r—d Family." Novel in style and manner; playful and easy in versification and diction; sarcastic and witty in language and phrases; with some bold touches of characteristic painting in the portraits of certain quacks in medicine and religion, it excited more than common attention, and rapidly rose in public fame. It is almost impossible to specify the number of editions and copies of the volume that have been sold since its first appearance; but, in stating that more than twenty editions have been printed, we are within the lines of truth.

Of such a production, and its author, we may venture to enter into some details, without fear of tiring the patience, or offending the judgment of the reader, a natural and laudable curiosity impelling us to inquire into, and take an interest in, the public and private character, features, manners, and personalities of those authors whose writings have afforded us pleasure.

Memoirs of a *private gentleman* cannot afford much scope for biographic display, nor be likely to excite great attention in the reader. His birth, parentage, education, domestic habits, and hobby-horsical propensities, form the sum and substance of his life. The *hobby-horse*, indeed, is the only thing calculated to distinguish him from millions of his class; and we know, from the credible memoirs of Uncle Toby and Mr. Shandy, that this trait of character is replete with amusement and instruction. If the proper "study of mankind be man," this can only be fully pursued in the recesses of private life; and we shall there find, that the daily occupation of the private gentleman, as well as that of a hero, a minister, or a philosopher, is worthy of observation and record. If this hobby confines his amblings within his own grounds — if he never splashes his neighbours, nor

gallops into, and through public fairs, he is entitled to peaceable and quiet enjoyment of all the green food of his fields and corn of his manger; but if he breaks bounds — if he forces himself on the public course and sporting-field, he then subjects himself to the critical comments and free animadversions of every professional or amateur jockey. The private gentleman, also, who leaves his domestic fire-side, and all its harmonising qualities, for the "bubble reputation," either in the senate, or through the medium of the press, immediately lays himself open to public scrutiny and comment. His real and imaginary qualifications are soon descried, and though "ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss," yet the public voice is generally correct in its decision. This has affixed its seal of approbation on the "New Bath Guide;" and hence the author is a legitimate and proper object for biographic narrative and critical comment.

Mr. ANSTEY may be designated as a country gentleman, who passed through life without any of those cares, troubles, and vicissitudes, which tend to give interest to biography, by rousing the curiosity of its readers. On the contrary, his career seems to have been as tranquil as the sluggish Cam, whose waters

pass slowly through his native county of Cambridge. He was the son of the Rev. Christopher Anstey, D. D. of Brinkley, in the county of Cambridge, where he was born on the 31st of October, 1724.

When very young, he was sent to school at Bury St. Edmunds; whence he was removed to Eton, and placed in the fourth form, as an *oppidan*, and afterwards on the foundation. He finished his studies in that public seminary with a creditable character, and in 1741 went as captain to the *Montem*. In 1742 he obtained a scholarship at King's College, Cambridge, where he acquired some reputation by his *tripos* verses. In 1745 he was admitted Fellow of his College, and in the following year took his batchelor's degree in the University. When he had nearly completed the term of his qualification for that of master of arts, he was prevented from obtaining it in consequence of what his biographer calls, "a popular and spirited opposition to some of the leading men in the University." "The phrase," says Mr. Campbell,* "of popular and spirited opposition, sounds promising to the curiosity; but the reader must not expect too much, lest he should be disappointed by learning, that this

* "Specimens of the British Poets," vol. vii. p. 437.

popular opposition was only his refusing to deliver certain declamations which the heads of the University (unfairly it was thought) required from the batchelors of King's College. Anstey, as senior of the order of batchelors, had to deliver the first oration. He contrived to begin his speech with a rhapsody of adverbs, which, with no direct meaning, hinted a ridicule on the arbitrary injunction of the University rulers. They soon ordered him to dismount from the rostrum, and called upon him for a new declamation, which, as might be expected, only gave him an opportunity of pointing finer irony in the shape of an apology. This affront was not forgotten by his superiors, and when he applied for his degree, it was refused to him." In allusion to, though not explanatory of this circumstance, Mr. Anstey thus writes, in his Appendix to the New Bath Guide: —

> " At Granta, sweet Granta, where, studious of ease,
> Seven years did I sleep, and then took my degrees."

In justification of the character and conduct of the playful satirist, his son writes :—" Although my father had thus been eminently successful in opposing what was very generally regarded as a vexatious, and at

best but a useless innovation, he was universally allowed to have been exemplary and regular in his moral conduct at the University, and not the less successful in the application of his mind to those legitimate and accustomed exercises which were required of him by the superiors of his own college."

Succeeding to family estates at the death of his mother, in 1754, he resigned his fellowship, and also left his college. Two years afterwards he married Miss Calvert, daughter of Felix Calvert, Esq. of Albury Hall, Hertfordshire, and lived more than half a century with her, imparting and receiving from the union that reciprocal happiness which belongs to, and is the true blessing of the marriage state.

" Hail wedded love, mysterious law !"

The fruits of this marriage were thirteen children, eight of whom survived the father. One of them, John Anstey, who was a student in the Temple, London, and studied for the bar, wrote a poem, called " The Pleader's Guide," a good deal in the style and spirit of his father's popular poem. He also wrote a memoir of his parent, and published his works in a large quarto volume.— Independent in circumstances, and

comfortable in his domestic relations, Mr. Anstey appears to have sailed smoothly and calmly for many years on the ocean of life. A squall, however, at length arose, and drove the vessel against the rocks. The death of an only and dear sister occasioned him deep sorrow; for she was endowed with qualifications of such high order as to engage the correspondence and friendship of Miss Robinson, afterwards Mrs. Montague, whose letters rank among the most exquisite epistles in the English language. In consequence of a bilious fever, apparently caused by grief, Mr. Anstey was advised to visit Bath, and try the efficacy of its waters, which gradually renovated his health and spirits. Hence the origin of the "New Bath Guide," which at once diverted and exercised his mind. It appears that this was written and published at Trumpington, near Cambridge. With Soame Jennings, his neighbour, Gray the poet, and a few other men of talent, who then resided at Cambridge, he was intimately associated.

According to the statement of his son, he now "indulged in a cheerful hospitality, without ostentation, which extended itself to his tenantry and dependents; a habit which, as it resulted from the benevolence of his disposition, increased with his years,

and never forsook him till the latest hour of his life." This we may readily infer to be a true sketch of the author of the "New Bath Guide." Some further and more detailed touches are given to it in another passage by the same pencil:—"To the general parade and bustle of public business my father was extremely averse, and an utter stranger to that restless ambition which repines at the advancement of others." In one of his unpublished poems he thus characterises himself:—

"From wealth, from honours, and from courts removed,
I've kept the silent path my genius lov'd,
And pitied those whom fortune oft beguiles,
With flattering hopes from false Ambition's smiles."

However partial to the country, Mr. Anstey found it expedient, for the purpose of amusing, educating, and bringing forward in the world a large family, to settle in Bath. In the year 1770 he purchased one of the newly-erected houses in the Crescent, and henceforward became a settled inhabitant in that gay city. We find that many of his poems are strictly local both in scenic allusions, and in characteristic delineations.

From 1770 to 1805 Mr. Anstey resided mostly at Bath, but spent part of the summer at the then rural

village of Cheltenham. In the latter year he became seriously ill, and was advised to remove to the house of his son-in-law, H. Bosanquet, Esq. of Harnish, near Chippenham, where he died, in the 81st year of his age. His remains were interred in the parish church of Walcot, Bath; but a monument has been raised to his memory in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

With one touch more from the pencil of the biographer, we will leave the portrait for the examination and criticism of the reader:—

"Habituated to the charms of literary ease and retirement, passionately fond of the sports of the field, and the amusements of a country life, he followed the bent of his natural genius and inclination without restraint; and in the enjoyment of a competent and independent fortune, found leisure for the Greek and Roman authors, and the poetry and polite literature of his own country."

These few personal characteristics of Mr. Anstey will enable the reader to appreciate, with better relish and discrimination, the poem which occupies the following pages, than he could otherwise do. Without attempting a critical commentary and panegyric of

my own on these epistles, it may at once amuse and gratify the reader to offer the remarks of veteran critics. First, let us hear Mr. Campbell: — "The *droll and familiar manner of the poem* is original, but its leading characters are evidently borrowed from Smollett."* Opposed to this negligent statement, from the elegant expounder of "The Pleasures of Hope," is the following from the eloquent, rapid, and powerful pen of the northern luminary of literature. In the preface to Smollett's works, he says, speaking of Humphrey Clinker, "the very ingenious scheme of describing the various effects produced upon different members of the same family, by the same objects, was not original, though it is supposed to have been so. Anstey, the facetious author of the 'New Bath Guide,' had employed it six or seven years before Humphrey Clinker appeared; but Anstey's diverting satire was but a light sketch, compared to the finished and elaborate manner in which Smollett has, in the first place, identified his characters, and then fitted them with languages, sentiments, and powers of observation, in exact correspondence with their talents, temper, con-

* British Poets, vol. vii. p. 439.

dition, and disposition. The portrait of Matthew Bramble, in which Smollett described his own peculiarities, using towards himself the same rigid anatomy which he exercised upon others, is unequalled in the line of fictitious composition."

"Who shall decide when '*critics*' disagree?" or when will the age come that they do agree?

The *Monthly Review*, for June 1776, has the following remarks, not much in the style or phraseology of modern criticism, on the "New Bath Guide:"— "There is a species of humour in these *droll* Epistles, which has the greater force, as it seems to proceed from a simple and unembellished character, the hopeful offspring of a considerable family in the north. There are a thousand strains of humour in these high-wrought Epistles, some of which do not occur to you at the first reading. The author frequently heightens and enriches his humour by parodies and imitations."

The Rev. Dr. Roberts, provost of Eton, in an Epistle on the English Poets, thus speaks of the "New Bath Guide:"

——"While old Bladud's sceptre guards
His medicinal stream, shall Simkin raise
Loud peals of merriment."

The Rev. R. Warner, the historian of Bath, in his recent "*Literary Recollections,*" has, like Mr. Campbell, erred in placing too much reliance on memory. A reference to dates and common biographies shews us that Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker" was subsequent to the "New Bath Guide;" and a slight perusal of both works is sufficient to prove the superior dramatic powers of the latter author for poignant satire and delineation of character. * When we recollect, also, that Anstey's "Election Ball," "Epistle to Sir Charles Bamfylde," and other poems, were formerly popular at Bath, and are re-printed in the collected edition of his works, every reader will be surprised at Mr. Warner's statement, in his "Literary Recollections," which, like his other writings, abound with eloquent and interesting passages. They contain, likewise, many pleasing biographical sketches of eminent persons* who resided at Bath, between the years 1794 and 1820. Speaking

* Among them I find a proper and justly-complimentary tribute to *Mr. Crutwell*, a gentleman who was kind and friendly to me when I scarcely knew what friendship was, and when I had experienced but little kindness from the world. Mr. Crutwell and Mr. Meyler, two respectable printers, of Bath, afforded me comfort in youthful adversity, and fanned the latent sparks of ambition.

of Mr. Anstey, he says—"It is somewhat singular that the author of a work so witty, so satirical, and novel, as the "New Bath Guide," should have left behind him merely this solitary monument of his lively fancy and peculiar genius; but no other publication, save this, as I am aware, has been attributed to him. The 'New Bath Guide' might have been considered as a perfectly *original* work, had not its subject been obviously suggested by the 'Humphrey Clinker' of the inimitable *Smollett*, who was for some time resident at Bath, and probably an intimate acquaintance, as well as a favourite author, of Mr. Anstey's." (V. ii. p. 17.)

Many other encomiums might be adduced; but it is evident that our jocose, or "droll" guide, though generally praised, met with some castigation; for in the "Epilogue" to the second edition, he puts this question and remark into the mouth of Quin's ghost:

> "O say, does —— presume thy strains to damn?
> Heed not that miscreant's tongue—pursue thy ways,
> Regardless of his censure or his praise."—*See* p. 133.

The "miscreant's tongue" is an indignant and harsh appellation, and is supposed to have been applied to Dr. Hill, the most acrimonious critic of that age,

who poured forth his philippics against authors in the " British Magazine," and the " Inspectors." (See D'Israeli's " Quarrels of Authors," vol. ii.) In defiance of those criticisms, however, and the very general disapprobation that had been expressed against the offensive letter of Miss Prue, (Letter xiv.) the author re-printed that letter in the second edition, and made a translation of it into Latin: it has continued to disfigure every subsequent edition of the poem; even in the handsome and expensive edition of the author's works, by his son and biographer. On the present occasion, the editor has thought it due to the good sense and decency of the age to omit the most objectionable passage.

It would involve me in a disquisition too lengthened for the present occasion, to enter into a detailed account of Mr. Anstey's different poems, or even to attempt an explanation of the characteristics of his principal work, and of the real personages who were either truly or grotesquely portrayed under the fictitious and ludicrous names he has given them. Most of the *dramatis personæ* were doubtless sketched from nature, but variously and ingeniously clothed with poetical draperies and fictitious attributes.

In a note to the "Pindaric Epistle to Lord Buckhorse," Mr. John Anstey says, he wishes to be excused from introducing the names of the "real persons who he has either heard or imagined were intended to be portrayed, either in that poem or in the 'New Bath Guide.'"—*Anstey's Works*, p. 140.

The ensuing remarks on the character of Mr. Anstey, and of his poetry, by his son; with his own poetical account of himself, will finish our review of the author, and of the "New Bath Guide."

"The following lines, addressed to his friend and brother-in-law, the late J. Calvert, Esq., are given to the reader as a specimen of the first English verse of which the author has preserved a copy. It affords, also, some account of himself, and of his situation and habits of life, which he was as willing to make the subject of his own wit and pleasantry, as to smile at the foibles and follies of others:—

With every plague that can conspire
To curse a wretched country squire:
Six hundred sheep on fields at Kneeton;
Starv'd as their owner was at Eton;
Twelve hide-bound nags, in empty stable,
Like hungry guests at * * * *'s table;

Calves, cows, and hogs, reduced to bone,
Some wanting legs, like B * l * k * n,
And all as lean as L * * t * * n;
Twice twenty hounds; five squalling brats;
One sickly wife; ten thousand rats;
My hay all swimming down the river!
Tell me, ye gods, what friend would ever—
O! say, what enemy would choose
To send me four lean *Luton hoos*?*
Happy, too happy, sure, is spent
A rural life in sweet content!
This Maro taught me long ago,
But clowns will ne'er their blessings know—
This, on the banks of willowy Cam,
Melodious swan of Bottisham
Assures us we shall find the case;
Though he, too wise to quit his place,
Sings, all reclined on Board of Trade,
Of purling streams and sylvan shade.
" And thus, my Lord, he, free from strife,
" Spends an inglorious country life;"
While I, too happy (as I'm told
By lord of trade and bard of old),
With rustic muse go plodding on,
In shady groves of Trumpington;

* Horses so called, which his friend had been commissioned to purchase for him at Luton, in Bedfordshire.

Unskilled in flattery's softer arts,
Unfit for satire's pointed darts,
Else would my faithful muse reveal
What wights bestride the common-weal:
I'd sing of statesmen's strange invention,
To gain for hungry * * * *s a pension—
I'd paint sweet Peace from Heav'n descending,
And Granta's tuneful sons attending;
How to Parnassian hill they jog,
Like hide-bound hacks to Gogmagog;
Blund'ring and stumbling as they mount,
And flound'ring in the Aonian fount.
But such exalted themes belong
To Churchill's bold immortal song—
'Tis he alone can sweep the lyre,
And kindle Britain's languid fire;
Ye Muses bring his just reward;
At Freedom's temple crown the bard!
Enough for me fresh flowers to bring
From hallow'd banks of Pindus' spring,
With careless hand for thee to twine
Th' unfading wreath at Friendship's shrine.
* * * * *
* * * * *

"This fragment exhibits, in its proper point of view, that enviable spirit of innocent and good-humoured raillery in which he conceived every thing he wrote.

It will also be seen, from this picture of himself, that although he was fond of the retirement of a country life, and the amusements it afforded him, he was not insensible of the whimsical embarrassments and ridiculous distresses to which country gentlemen are sometimes liable.

" His first publication in English poetry was the ' New Bath Guide :' it was composed at Trumpington, and printed at Cambridge, in a quarto volume, in the year 1766. It was hardly possible that a work of this description, the success of which seemed to depend in a great measure upon the reception it might meet with in the fashionable world, could have made its appearance under circumstances of greater disadvantage, written as it was by an unknown author, and published by a country bookseller, at so great a distance from the place which gave birth to all the incidents, the scenery, and the different characters, which the author's imagination and discernment had suggested from observation in the occasional visits he made at Bath. As a poem of the epic cast, it must be allowed to be complete in all the characteristic and essential properties ;— in the choice of its hero, and the preservation of his character, as well as in the moral

tendency, and effect of his example and catastrophe; at the same time that it is original in almost all its analogies to this species of composition. The epistolary form in which the story is conceived, and the very frame of the metre in which it is written (although not the invention of the author) is new in its application to the subject of a *continued* poem.

"It is no less original in the happiest adaptation of names, by which a very large establishment of subordinate heroes is maintained as it were at the public expense, without prejudice to the reputation of any one individual. The rich vein of genuine humour and pleasantry by which every scene and incident is enlivened, in a connected system of disguised and temperate satire, entitles it to be regarded as one of the most original poems which has appeared in the last century. It has now been in the hands of the public above forty years, (or rather sixty), the admiration and delight of its readers of all ages, and of all descriptions, and of every country where the English language is known or studied."

Although a little overcharged, and painted with partial colours, we feel satisfied that a strong likeness is exhibited in the above portrait; and I leave it to

the reader's inspection and kind criticism, with the impressions thus excited, rather than attempt an elaborate and fastidious analysis of the author's powers, by which he might be reduced in the scale of public estimation. The envious mind may delight in depreciating the merits of others — in reducing mental excellencies to its own humble, or even contemptible standard; but justice and liberality of spirit prefer a different and more honourable course: if they do not extenuate, they forbear to "set down aught in malice."

There is something delighting, though mortifying—interesting, but depressing—to review the history of departed men of genius — to hold converse with the finer spirits of former times — to peruse their learned and luminous writings — to follow them into the closet, the field, the cabinet — to sympathise with them in their aspirations for fame, and their regrets and lamentations from disappointment. As the astronomer descries spots on the sun's disc, so the biographical critic will invariably find some venial errors, or great faults, blended in the actions of all the intellectual luminaries of the world. Shakspeare, Milton, Johnson, Byron, Chatham, Nelson, Pitt, had their "weak sides"— their sins and follies; and were unquestionably made up

of the common, as well as of the finer materials of human nature. Excellence is incompatible with the mental and moral attributes of man.

The title of "*New Bath Guide*," is neither very apposite, very poetical, nor very correct; for the work has no characteristic of a topographical guide; and new is a very ephemeral word, which cannot last long. That there had been a previous Bath Guide, is certain; and that Mr. Anstey's pamphlet was new, when first printed, cannot be disputed; but all its newness was rubbed off, even on the appearance of the second edition. Solomon, or somebody else, says, "there is nothing new under the sun." New-market, New-foundland, and even New-gate, are old and familiar names to some persons, though not very pleasing; and many other places and things that were thought to be, and pronounced new yesterday, are comparatively antiquated to-day. The words new and old are only relative, and can never be applied with propriety as titles to any thing. Anstey's New Guide does not assume either the historical, topographical, or antiquarian province; and, as a guide, it can only be said to point out the peculiarities of the pump-room, the baths, and the assembly-room: — the gamesters, the sanctified sinners, the physicians and

quacks, or quack physicians. Gaming, quackery, and fanaticism, were then, and ever have been, legitimate objects for satire and literary reprobation; but the confirmed devotees to all these pursuits are generally hardened knaves or fools, and therefore insensible and incorrigible. Unsusceptible of remorse, lost to all sense of shame, without character and feeling, they consider the better and more amiable members of society as proper objects of prey; and, like leeches, when they once fix themselves, rarely leave till they have glutted their appetite. The systematic highwayman and burglar, when compared to these wretches, are amiable and respectable characters; for the gamester not only rifles your pocket, but blasts your character;—the quack steals your purse, and ruins your health;—whilst the priestly fanatic, perhaps the most despicable of the three, imposes on your understanding, robs you of common sense, and entails on you melancholy, misery, and suicide. The guide that lights up a beacon to warn the unwary traveller where and when to avoid these whirlpools and rocks in the voyage of life, is a valuable pilot.

Leaving Mr. Anstey and his poem, it will be consonant to my proposed plan, and also with the object of this essay, to direct the reader's attention to three points of time, as subjects of inquiry and reflection; viz. Bath as it was,— as it is,—and as it may be.

> "I'll hasten, O Bath, to thy springs,
> Thy seats of the wealthy and gay,
> Where the hungry are fed with good things,
> And the rich are sent empty away."
>
> ANSTEY, "*Decayed Macaroni.*"

To exhibit Bath as it has been, it would be necessary to investigate the origin, fluctuations, and progressive growth of the city, from an insignificant village, of a few huts, to its present form, extent, and character; yet such a disquisition would not only be incompatible with the nature of this work, but be considered by most of its readers as "dull, stale, and unprofitable." The respectable "History of Bath," by Mr. Warner, and the different Guides,* (I believe four), may be referred

* The number and contents of these literary cicerones serve to mark the character of the place, and its booksellers. Each is courteous and communicative in pointing out to the stranger all the beauties, advantages, and rarities of the city and its

to as containing all the ingredients for such an essay; and the topographical reader will not fail to resort to these sources. He may, however, extend his inquiries, and find much novel and curious matter. It will therefore be wholly unnecessary to institute new inquiries here, or attempt novel elucidations on those points. The puerile or crafty fable of Prince Bladud and his leprous pigs, may remain undisturbed in the credulous pages of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and other romancers; and we may also leave Mr. Warner, Mr. Whittaker,*

environs. Each tells you the marvellous story of Prince Bladud and his pigs, which is entitled to just as much credit and confidence as another parallel story of a wolf suckling twin children. Ancient history as well as modern is too much made up of fable. Even memoirs are too replete with virtues and panegyrics to be entitled to full confidence. The lives of the Bath monarchs, Nash, Derrick, Wade, Tyson, King, &c. are amply detailed in these Guides; which also very civilly praise all the buildings, persons, and objects, that come within their cognisance.

* The late Rev. John Whittaker, who wrote an historical romance, called "A History of Manchester," 2 vols. 4to, had been settled at a college living, in Cornwall, for many years, whence he occasionally sent into the world a variety of learned but intolerant and severe criticisms on historians, antiquaries, divines, and politicians; sometimes, anonymously, in the "British Critic,"

Governor Pownall,* and Mr. Lysons, to settle the disputed subjects of the Anglo-Roman occupancy,

and "Antijacobin Review;" or, with his name attached, as in his "Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots," "The Course of Hannibal over the Alps," &c. At an advanced age he was recommended by his physician to visit Bath, and try the effect of its waters, and further advised to relax from his usual application to literature. The change of scene produced good effects; but he could not abstain from old habits; he could not forego the long-accustomed amusement of reading and criticism. Mr. Warner's "History of Bath" had just made its appearance; and Mr. Whittaker not only read it with avidity, but wrote a long and reprobatory critique on it in the "Antijacobin Review" for Oct. Nov. and Dec. 1801. John Gifford, author of the "Life of Mr. Pitt," was then editor of that periodical work, which, for intolerance and over-bearing dogmatism, was renowned amongst the intemperate publications of the age. We look back to those times, and to the violent and intemperate writings of critics, historians, and general essayists, as to an age of romance. A sort of poetical fermentation was going on in society, and effectually carried off many foul and deleterious prejudices from the human mind.

* This gentleman published a small quarto volume on the Roman Antiquities which were discovered at Bath, in 1790; and also "An Antiquarian Romance," containing remarks on Mr. Whittaker's criticisms on the Governor's publication of "Notices of Antiquities in the Provincia Romana of Gaul."

with the civil and political policy and economy, of *Aqua-Solis*, seventeen hundred years back. During the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman dynasties, and progressively through the tumultuous and semi-barbarous ages of the Plantagenets, Lancastrians, Stuarts, &c., when warfare and monachism seem to have been the only business and amusement of the people, we find abundant local and national history combined in the annals of this town. All these topics and considerations may be referred to the historian and antiquary; and all of them will afford rational and highly interesting matters for research, as well as occupation, for those valetudinarians, or even healthy subjects, who may sojourn at Bath; and who prefer the pages of the author to a pack of cards, and "the Library of Useful Knowledge" to the ball-room.

Fair city of the sun! who sit'st secure
In smiling beauty o'er the glittering vale,
Where willowy Avon winds its waters pure,
Fraught with the fragrance of the western gale:—
Compelled by thee, Disease forsakes its pale
And sickly victim; while Despair, that clings
In viperous foldings, can no more assail,—
Scared by the presence of thy healthful springs;
But round thee Joy and Peace spread their empurpled wings.

"Amongst the many places in this island which claim the attention of the invalid, the stranger, or the votary of pleasure, Bath stands proudly pre-eminent. For this superiority it is indebted to causes neither accidental nor temporary. Other places which boast the possession of medicinal springs, by the migrations of fashion, the revolution of time, or the discovery of some rival waters of equal or superior virtue, have their rise and their decay. Bath alone is subject to none of these contingencies. Fashion may migrate, but it cannot remove its springs: rival it can have none, for the world affords but few springs of equal temperature, and, perhaps, in certain circumstances, of equal virtue: time itself can have but little influence on it, for we have reason to believe that its waters are as abundant, as warm, and as medicinal at this time as they were two thousand years ago."*

Bath is justly admired among the cities of England, and indeed of Europe, for the picturesque and romantic character of its scenery; for the endless irregularity and architectural features of its buildings;

* "The Improved Bath Guide; or, Picture of Bath and its Environs, &c." This little volume contains much useful information, and is very well written.

and for its complete exemption from the usual smoke and dirt of manufacturing towns, and the incessant bustle and bartering character of those devoted to commerce and trade. The general appearance indicates wealth, or at least genteel life: all the more modern parts of the town and vicinity consist of very respectable, mostly handsome, streets, rows, and villas, all of which are built with a smooth-faced stone. Many of them are decorated with columns, porticoes, and other features of Classical architecture, while some of the modern churches, and even villas, affect the more picturesque species of Gothic forms and details. Whatever may have been done by Mr. Wood, the renovator and beautifier of Bath, about sixty years ago, and however he may have been admired and praised then, it is some consolation to us to know that a better taste prevails, and much better works are executed at the present epoch. It would be easy to point out some of the recent buildings, which, when compared with the Circus, St. James's, and St. Michael's churches, Queen's Square, &c. would confirm this remark. On this point, however, there may be differences of opinion, which I am not disposed to provoke; whereas there can scarcely be any respecting the *Scenery*, which is bold,

diversified, beautiful, and picturesque.— Steep declivities, lofty hills, narrow vallies, beetling rocks, hanging woods, with water and lawn, are the marked characteristics of the city and its immediate vicinity; and these features cannot fail to gratify the eye and give interest to the imagination. That transcendent artist, Gainsborough, was wont to spend much time among the rocks and woods around Bath; and the late amiable man and profound artist, Mr. West, made some grand and interesting sketches of its scenery, for back-grounds. Among the living artists who have depicted and recorded on canvass many of the Bathonian scenes, are the two natives, Messrs. T. and B. Barker, who, impelled by an enthusiastic love of their fascinating profession, have pursued their studies and works with honour and profit to themselves, and gratification to every real connoisseur. At one of my early visits to Bath, I remember to have read, with a mixture of envy and admiration, an ingenious and rather singular volume, intituled, "A Schizzo on the Genius of Man; in which, among various subjects, the merit of Mr. Thomas Barker, the celebrated young painter of Bath, is particularly considered, and his pictures reviewed." This volume appeared in 1793, and was the pro-

duction of Sir Edward Harington, son of Dr. Harington. Barker had recently produced his picture of the *Woodman*, which attracted unusual publicity at the gallery of Mr. Macklin, in Fleet Street, London. The figure was a faithful portrait of a fine, weather-beaten old man, named George Kelson, who was really a woodman; and whose figure, face, and manners, reminded us of a genuine native and inhabitant of a forest far remote from the haunts of civilised society. On my occasional visits to Bath, I made a point of seeing the simple and honest old man, to give him a trifling sum to replenish his pipe. I learn, from good authority, that he lived to the almost patriarchal age of 102; and that, by prudent management of his small finances, and the kind assistance of friends, he had enough to supply his humble wants, without resorting to parochial relief. A plate, from Mr. Barker's picture, was engraved by Bartolozzi, and produced a profit to the publisher of between 700*l.* and 800*l.* The picture is in the possession of Mr. Power, of Dublin; and another, but previous painting, by the same artist, was sold at Mr. Christie's rooms, London, in May 1830.

A curious account of Bath, written about the year 1628, is contained in Doctor Venner's "Treatise on

the Baths of Bathe," in which the author considers the hills rather as defects than ornaments to the place. He says, "Bathe, so called from the baths in it, is a *little, well-compacted citie*, and beautified with very fair and good buildings for receipt of strangers. Although the site thereof, by *reason of the vicinity of the hills*, seem not pleasant, being almost environed with them, yet for goodness of ayre, neereness of a sweet and delectable river, and fertilitie of soyle, it is pleasant and *happy* enough; but for the hot waters that boyle vp even in the middest thereof, it is more delectable and happier than any other of the kingdome. There are in it foure publick baths, so fairely built, and fitted with such convenience for bathing, as the like (I suppose) is not else-where to be found; besides a little bath for lepers."

At the time this description was penned we may suppose that nearly the whole city was confined within its walls, an area which is certainly not one-tenth part of modern Bath. We may refer to Beau Nash and Mr. Wood, at the beginning of the last century, as the founders of *fashionable* Bath. New houses, new modes, new systems, then grew up; though the "*New* Bath Guide" did not appear till 1766. In the 4th edition of

the "Bath and Bristol Guide," about 1760, we find that the terms for bathing were — a sergeant threepence; a guide one shilling; a cloth-woman threepence;— footing money prohibited. At the same time, the *post-master* engaged to provide post-horses on all post-roads at threepence a mile, and fourpence a mile for a guide; to carry a bundle not exceeding eight pounds: the post was to travel five miles an hour. "Besides excellent convenience for conveying letters, and men on horseback, there are post-chaises, wherein you are sheltered from foul weather and *foul ways* at so easy a price as ninepence per mile, either single or double; and the passenger or passengers are allowed to carry *any weight*, provided it does not exceed sixty pounds." To send "a letter express to London was 2*l.* 1*s.*," but by the regular conveyance, fourpence. "The *Machines*," between Bath and London, in two days, charged 25*s.* for each person, and allowed fourteen pounds weight of luggage. The manners and customs of the fashionable visitants, as well as the residents of Bath, at the beginning of the last century, would form a striking and interesting contrast to those of the present time. Instead of the change and progression of a century, we might fancy ourselves a thousand

years removed from that time. The following works will furnish some data for this parallel: — Chapman's "*Thermæ Redivivæ*: the city of Bath described," 4to, 1673; — "Bath Memoirs; or, Observations on three-and-forty years' practice at the Bath," by Rob. Pierce, 8vo, 1697: in July 1698, at the age of 76, the doctor stated, in one of his letters, that there were twenty-six physicians then at Bath;—Guidott's "Collection of Treatises relating to the City and Waters of Bath," 8vo, 1725;—Wood's "Description of Bath," 2 vols. 8vo, 1765.

When we reflect on what has been achieved towards improving the city, even in the course of the present century, we may conclude that still much more will be done before the year 1900 arrives. Instead of the small, dark, and miserable shops in Wade's Passage, we have the large, cheerful, and respectable ones in Union Street, and others truly neat and convenient in the modern Arcade. A new approach, with a handsome iron bridge over the Avon, has been made from the London road to the middle of the city; many small houses have been taken down, which were joined to, and even incorporated in, the walls of the Abbey Church; some new and wide streets have

been laid out and built; numerous villas, and rows of houses, of handsome appearance, and replete with comforts and luxuries, have been raised in the suburbs; and modern churches have also been constructed. Not least among these gratifying "signs of the times," are the "Literary and Scientific Institution;" the revived Baths; the pleasure Park, or Gardens; and the Lansdowne Tower, with its attached plantations, grounds, and mansion. Each of these affords a topic of congratulation and comment; for each has conferred an advantage on Bath, in its general character, as well as on the parties who have more immediately participated in its benefits.

The *Bath Institution* is a literary and scientific establishment, which deserves the fostering care of every Bathonian; and, whether he be a proprietor, a reader, or a mere idler, he should lend it every aid in his power. It is an object and feature of great importance in the aspect of the city: it is a school whence some scholar of high repute may be formed; it is a museum to preserve those choice and interesting relics which may be considered as deciduous.

This Institution is provided with a handsome library-room, a vestibule, a hall, or lecture-room, also

small apartments containing various Roman and other antiquities, fossils, and minerals. The building assumes a classical, Grecian aspect, and occupies the site of the old Assembly-rooms. Hence we see the substitution of an edifice devoted to literature, science, and mind;— to intellectual occupation and refinement, in the place of a nocturnal nest of gamblers, triflers, intriguers, and demireps. Whilst the one tends to make men better and happier, the other bewildered their heads and corrupted their hearts.*

"The *Baths* of Bath,"† as entitled in some of the

* A most interesting lecture, or essay, was read by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, at this Institution, Nov. 6, 1826, "On the Connexion of Bath with the Literature and Science of England." A small edition of this lecture was printed by the learned and discriminating author; who has also gratified the lovers of topographical and antiquarian literature with a "History of Hallamshire," folio; and another elaborate work on "the History and Topography of the Deanery of Doncaster." In his "Essay on Bath," Mr. Hunter has enumerated a long list of names, eminent in literature and science, as having been connected with that city. Some of these are specified in the preceding dedication.

† A very curious and interesting essay might be written on the opinions, styles of composition, and professional peculiarities of the different authors who have published accounts of the Bath

old treatises on the salubrious and marvellous waters of this place, have been sadly and lamentably neglected for some years by those who are deeply interested in their prosperity, and have consequently been almost deserted by the public. Self-interest has at length awakened the "sleeping partners," and they have put the architect and the builder to work. Improvement, and

waters. The first of these, I believe, was John Jones, A.D. 1572, physician and Welshman, whose work is deservedly very rare, for "it passeth all understanding." Its title, and one or two sentences, will be enough to prove this assertion. First, the title:—"The Bathes of Bathe's Ayde, wonderfull and most excellent against very many sicknesses; approued by authoritie, confirmed by reason, and dayly tried by experience; with the antiquitie, commoditie, properties, knowledge, use, aphorismes, diet, medicine, and other thinges there to be considered and observed. Compendiously compiled by John Jones, Phisician, at Asple Hall, besydes Nottingum. Printed at London, for William Jones, and are to be solde at his long shop, at the west dore of Paul's Church, 13 Maii." In the epistle dedicatory to the "Earle of Pembroke," he says, that the Bath waters had been "confirmed by use, and dayly tried there by practice for these 2460 years, or thereabout." Then comes the true, veritable genealogy of Bladud, ninth king of Britain after Brute. Doctor Jones describes natural baths to be, "some

something in the nature of beautifying the baths, have commenced; and it is hoped that these efficacious and copious springs, or fountains as they may be termed, will be adorned with every convenience, if not every luxury and architectural beauty, which good taste can devise. When we review the splendid designs and adornments of the Roman Baths of Dioclesian, of Caracalla,

fervent hot, some little warme, some between both, some not at all, some of brimstone, some of aleume, some of salt, some of copper, some of iron, some of lyme, some of leade, some of gould, some of silver, some of one kind of commixtion of myneralles, some of another; and sundrie of these are found with us." Among fifty-two diseases, which he enumerates as being curable by these waters, are the following:—scales, wheales, goutes, joynt-aches, apoplexyes, shakyngs, distillaciones, poses, whorsenes, over-slipperines, coldness of the brayne." He next proceeds to shew that the waters are heated by sulphur and bitumen. The pious author prescribes a long prayer at the end of his book, to be said by all persons, "kneeling upon their knees," before bathing.

Doctor Thomas Venner published his "Baths of Bathe," in 1628: in his preface he says, "Sickenesse is a symptome of sinne, and therefore, before your departure from home, make peace betwixt God and your conscience, and then repaire to the bathes."

&c., and contrast them with the slovenly rooms which belonged to those of Bath so late as the year 1820, we cannot but feel mortified and debased by the contrast. In the time of Wood, the *soi-disant* Vitruvius of Bath, such buildings as the Cross and the King's Baths might pass for architectural designs; but we cannot now contemplate them with pleasure, or even with indifference. The splendid works of Greece and of Italy are now rendered familiar to Englishmen, who require something like grandeur or beauty in their public edifices. In looking over the list of the present corporation of Bath, we see the names of men of learning and science,—men who have visited other kingdoms, and who, by education and association, must know what has been done in other countries, and what may and ought to be done in their own. We may, therefore, confidently look forward to a new era in the character and appearance of the baths. In a prospectus, by Sir George Smith Gibbes, M.D., to "A Practical Treatise on the Bath Waters," the learned doctor says, that "improvements have lately been made, and are now carrying on, in the modes of administering and dispensing these celebrated waters." The improvements consist of the method of

filling the baths, of regulating the heat of the water, and of supplying each bather, in a very short time, with fresh water of the temperature required. Large reservoirs, to contain more water than is sufficient to fill twelve private baths, have lately been constructed. Dressing-rooms, with fires, and every accommodation, are provided, and the charge for a private bath is 2*s.* 6*d.* The temperature of the water of the hot bath, at the spring, is 120 degrees, Fahrenheit, about three degrees less at the surface, and may be readily reduced to any lower heat. Each private bath contains sixteen hogsheads of water, and can be filled in five minutes, and emptied in two. The immense supply of hot water may be estimated by the fact, that the spring of the King's Bath " pours forth daily 184,320 gallons."

" The corporate body of the city of Bath," says Sir George, who is one of that body, " as guardians of the hot springs, have been, and still are, using their best endeavours in supplying the various modern improvements towards the perfecting the methods of presenting them for public use. Their object has been to keep them as nearly as possible in the state in which they flow from the earth, and to guard against any kind of

adulteration." — I must not trespass further on the province of my learned friend and county-man, by dilating on the virtues and qualities of the waters, but refer the inquiring reader to the treatise itself, which, he may be assured, will contain not only much practical, chemical, and useful information, but some of that good sense and sound philosophy which belong only to liberal and learned minds. When last at Bath, I was gratified by the examination of a series of designs, by the tasteful architect of the Athenæum Club-house, of London, for new baths at this place; and cannot hesitate in saying, that the execution would do honour to the corporation, to the architect, and to the city.

The next improved and commendable novelty in Bath, is that carrying on in a large tract of ground on the western side of the city. The *High* common*, or common field, consisting of an area of about 1000 yards by 600 yards of land, and presenting a steep

* Mr. Hunter suggests that *Ey*, now called *High*, is a generic term for plots of ground near towns, set apart for the recreation of the inhabitants, in which the May-pole, and other objects of rural attraction, and for congregation, were placed.

declivity towards the south, is intended to be laid out in very picturesque drives, walks, lawns, terraces, plantations, gardens, &c. which, when effected, will afford a most attractive and delightful place, for either healthful exercise or lounging. The parks of St. James's, Hyde, and Regent's, in London, are evidences of the advantages and pleasures derivable from such open spaces in the vicinity of a great city; and others, of a similar character, are to be found at Paris, and in different foreign towns. At Cheltenham, the planted and shady walks, and the delightful gardens of Pitt-ville, are, and will continue to be, attractive features of the place. Originating with some private gentlemen of Bath, meetings were called, resolutions adopted, subscriptions entered into, and the corporation, in a spirit of true liberality and sound policy, voted one hundred pounds, with an annual subscription of the like sum, towards the plan now alluded to.

Among the other changes for the better that have been recently made within the precincts of the city, it is but justice to notice those around the Abbey Church. Until very lately, the north and south sides of that large edifice were shut out from public view by a series of shops and houses, which were absolutely attached to,

and even incorporated with, the walls of the church. The ground on the north side belongs to the corporation, and that on the south to Earl Manvers, both of whom have consented to relinquish the rents of the houses, take them down, and thus open a spacious area around the building. Whilst this tends to mark the character of the age, it shews, in a strong point of view, the spirit of liberality and policy that actuates the members of the corporate body, and the nobleman just mentioned. Connected with this spot, I cannot forbear adverting to a subject which continues to disgrace our age, and to impeach the good taste, as well as common sense, of those who have the power to "abate the nuisance;" — I mean the practice of interring the dead within the walls of churches. Persuaded that this is one of the old prejudices which must be subdued, and give way to the progress of human improvements, I would urge our enlightened legislators to direct their attention and wisdom to its speedy abolition. At the present time (May 1830), Mr. Goodwin, architect, has designed a large, handsome, metropolitan *public cemetery*, in the vicinity of London; and another "*General Cemetery Company*" is formed, for the purpose of separating the dead from the living,

— for the purpose of giving to the English metropolis one of the great advantages which Paris possesses. Bath, and other large cities and towns, should do the same; and if the clergy, and parochial stipendiaries, complain that their rights and property are invaded, let different sources of revenue be adopted.*

A review of modern Bath would be very imperfect were it to omit to notice the most prominent—the most exalted object near the city. The new *Tower, on Lansdowne*, not only attracts the eye and attention of every visitor, but will be found, on examination, to excite his curiosity and deserve his admiration. Till within the last five or six years, a large area of that down was a bare, shrubless tract of land. Purchased by a gentleman who had previously formed a sort of Garden-of-Eden, and raised a palace, in a desert, he directed the same mind and means to improve and adorn this domain. Much of it is now planted with thriving woods, shrubs, and flowers, and on its highest point is raised a handsome, square tower, surmounted by a highly ornamented lantern. At the base of this tower is a series of rooms, designed with great simplicity and beauty, but fitted up and adorned with

* See "*History of the Abbey Church of Bath*."

the most exquisite works of art and *virtù*. Adjoining the building is a garden, of Alpine character, replete with almost every plant and shrub appertaining to such a scene. About two miles to the south is a house, or rather two houses, disunited but singularly connected, in which its owner, William Beckford, Esq. has assembled a mass of graphic, pictorial, and literary treasures, which language cannot describe, and which serve at once to manifest the highly cultivated taste of the possessor, as well as the talents and arts of other times and of our own.

As the mansion of Prior-Park, — its Allworthy, — and the highly talented individuals who at one time honoured and adorned that seat of hospitality, will ever be associated in the fond remembrances of readers, so will Bath-Easton-Villa, its Lady Millar, and the literary personages who there assembled. With Shockerwick, in the vicinity of Bath, we also connect the names of Wiltshire, Anstey, Hoare, Gainsborough, Quin, Lindley, Bowles, Moore, Crabbe, and such genuine "worthies" of the world.

Of all the "pleasures of memory," there are none so varied, complicated, and lasting, as those derived from reading. We can easily retrace the insatiable

curiosity and wonderings of youth; the more solid enjoyment of matured thought; the deductions and reflections of age. Hence we look back with pleasing, but melancholy delight, on the intellectual parties which assembled at *Prior-Park*, about the middle of the last century, when "bishops, priests, and deacons;" statesmen, philosophers, and wits; were frequent guests at the hospitable board of Mr. Allen. Warburton, the caustic and acute author of various works, in one of his letters to Hurd, thus speaks of "the Sybaritic dinners of Prior Park."—"Mr. Allen's hospitality has made this house an inn for generals and colonels. Sometimes I dine with them, and sometimes I do not, just as my disgust to the barbarians rises or abates. The hours so disagreeably lost are regretted when they are gone."* Although such "barbarians" would

* "Warburton had married the daughter of R. Allen, of Prior Park, (a genuine *Wife of Bath*), a match which, to the shame of the times, got him his bishopric. Of his wife, and that of Dean Tucker, the following epigram is given:—

'The DEAN *loquitur*.

My wife, Father William, is ugly and old,
Asthmatic, chest-foundered, and lame.

The BISHOP.

My wife, Son Josiah, no man needs be told,
Is as bad in the other extreme.

intrude on the hospitality and urbanity of an Allworthy, we know that others, of a very different class, were the more usual visitants. We cannot separate this seat from pleasing reminiscences associated with the names of Fielding, Smollett, Garrick, Quin, Warburton, Hurd, Sterne, and a galaxy of worthies.

The *Villa-of-Bath-Easton*, and Lady Millar, attracted a large portion of the literary visitants of Bath, about the same time; and we find that some of Mr. Anstey's verses were written for "the Vase" of that far-famed seat of the muses. Three volumes of

The DEAN.

I have put mine away.

The BISHOP.

——————— the deed I applaud,
Yet, applauding, can only admire;
For you are bound only by man and by God,
But my obligations are *Prior*.'.

"Dean Tucker is one of the curious instances of a man's slipping out of recollection. Who now mentions his name? Yet he was one of the most active and most public minds of England, not fifty years ago; a scholar, a most acute and stirring politician, and a most subtle and scientific metaphysician; yet the author of 'Search's Light of Nature,' and the pamphlet on the American Question, has strangely passed away."

Monthly Magazine, April 1830, p. 412.

poems have been collected and published from these contributions; and however certain harsh critics may condemn either those "trifles of the day," or other lucubrations of the same class, I am persuaded that they afford much better occupation for the writer, and amusement for the hearer or reader, than cards, dice, tinkling music, or any species of dancing. The Albums of the present time are only variations of the Bath-Easton vase; whilst the modern *conversazione* is an improvement on the assemblies of the last age. In the winter of 1829–30, most of the literary and scientific institutions of London had their periodical or occasional meetings of their learned members and strangers; whence "the march of intellect" may be said to have started, or to have rested after the fatigues and labours of arduous duty.

To shew what *Bath will be*, or *may be*, is certainly not an easy task; nor can even the *Southcotians*, nor *Irvingites*, nor, indeed, any wise-ites, prognosticate its future consummation. It is not even likely that any description, however profound, however ingenious, however sagaciously made out, would obtain implicit credit with the reader. The history and fluctuations of other cities of antiquity may be adduced as data,

and rational, probable, inferences may thence be derived; but there are local, political, and geographical peculiarities belonging to Bath, for which we can find no analogy,—no precedent. We may foretel some things with almost unerring certainty, and with the confidence of obtaining the reader's acquiescence; but such predictions must be founded on natural principles; on the past and present condition of society; and the persuasion that art and civilisation are still progressing. On these grounds it may be said, that nearly all the obstacles to human happiness will successively be removed, — that trickery, finesse, and subterfuge, will be extirpated, — that the follies and vices belonging to Anstey's time will be unknown, excepting in his descriptions, — that quackery in medicine and in religion will be obsolete, — and that all the cardinal virtues will preside at every corporation meeting and at all the assemblies. Such revolutions and changes may be hoped for, though not reasonably expected; for evil as well as good is implanted in human nature, and vice and folly are as essentially mixed up with virtue and wisdom, as spring, summer, autumn, and winter, follow each other in the revolving year. That many improvements, both morally and physically, may

be made, it is fair to presume; and that some great political or geographical revolution will occur, is but reasonable to anticipate. It is not irrational to conjecture that Bath, like Pompeii, and other famed cities of antiquity, may be buried beneath the soil.

That sound philosopher, man of science, and poet, the late Sir Humphry Davy, in his "Consolations of Travel," justly remarks,—"The world, like the individual, flourishes in youth; rises to strength in manhood; falls to decay in age; and the ruins of an empire are like the decrepit frame of an individual, except that they have some tints of beauty, which nature bestows upon them. The sun of civilisation arose in the east, advanced towards the west, and is now at its meridian; in a few centuries more it will probably be seen sinking below the horizon, even in the new world, and there will be left darkness only where there is a bright light; deserts of sand where there were populous cities; and stagnant morasses where the green meadow or the bright corn-field once appeared."

That the Anglicised Romans had a permanent residence at Bath, fifteen hundred years back, is attested by satisfactory evidence; and before another similar cycle has passed, it is not impossible that a new city,

occupied by a new race of people, with dissimilar customs and arts, may inhabit a new surface of ground, many feet above the present streets. Presuming such a state of things, and also that a topographer or antiquary of the age, like a Stukeley or a Lysons, was engaged in writing an essay on certain excavations and discoveries which were recently made in sinking a well, or tracing the source of a hot spring, we may amuse ourselves by imagining what sort of speculations and theories would be promulgated concerning the ancient people who, in remote times, had occupied the spot. First, as to the cause of the destruction of the city; secondly, regarding the people, their laws, customs, arts, religion, &c.; and, thirdly, as to the uses and merits of certain architecture, sculpture, graphic, and domestic fragments, which might be extracted from the earth.

It cannot be doubted that an amusing, and even useful essay, might be written on the subject: amusing as giving an opportunity of commenting freely and fully on the arts and civic policy of the Bathonians, by an author who may be supposed to be living under a different form of government, educated with different principles, and influenced by the customs

of society entirely dissimilar to those of the present age. It might be rendered useful by pointing out defects and blemishes in the present order of things, under such aspects and palpable points of view as to render them glaring to persons who, from familiarity, are now unconscious of their existence. Custom often reconciles us to great absurdities; and such are the prejudices and weaknesses of man, that he frequently clings to them with partiality and pertinacity.

I must check the pen and fancy; for, however fertile the theme may be for an "antiquarian romance," it might, will-o'-the-wisp-like, lead an author astray. Besides, there are abundant materials involved in the present and the past for all the purposes of literature, without

"Exhausting worlds, and then imagining new."

In concluding this introductory Essay, I should consider myself undeserving of the kind attentions and useful hints I have received from several old friends and new correspondents, at Bath, &c., did I not at once express my acknowledgments and thanks. No sooner had I intimated my intention of re-publishing Mr. Anstey's popular poem, but the

following gentlemen freely furnished me with some rare books and pamphlets, and with letters of communication in answer to queries, all calculated to furnish materials, either elucidatory of the author, or of his poems; of the time in which he wrote; or of Bath. If the use I have made of these aids, and the appearance and contents of the volume, satisfy the expectations of those friends, I shall be rewarded for my exertions, and they will have the gratification of contributing to raise a new cenotaph to the memory of Anstey, and to the literary fame of Bath. With sincere thanks I therefore record the following names in alphabetical sequence :—

THOMAS BARKER, Esq.; JOSEPH BARRATT, Esq. Alderman; Mr. COLLINGS, Mr. FORD; SIR GEORGE GIBBES, M.D.; Mr. CHARLES GODWIN; PRINCE HOARE, Esq.; the Rev. JOSEPH HUNTER; JAMES JENNINGS, Esq.; R. MONTGOMERY, Esq.; Dr. CHARLES PARRY; Mr. JOHN UPHAM; the Rev. JOHN WARD, and JOHN WILTSHIRE, Esq. Alderman.

If some of these gentlemen perceive that the whole of their communications have not been given to the public, they may attribute the omission to any other motive than disrespect or inattention to their favours.

At the end of a volume on the History, Architec-

ture, &c. of *Bath Abbey*, in 1825, I was tempted to announce a work under the title of

"ANECDOTES OF BATH,

BIOGRAPHICAL, TOPOGRAPHICAL, LITERARY, ARCHITECTURAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS."

Under such a title, and coming within the range of one or more of those classes, may be introduced many curious facts and narratives immediately connected with the city. Devoid of private scandal, and free from every invidious and ill-natured reflection, such a work will afford ample scope for an author, and supply materials of great interest to the historian and the biographer. Although Bath, for a long series of years, has continued to be the winter rendezvous of gamblers, fortune-hunters, idlers, and triflers, it has likewise been honoured and dignified by the residence of many persons of worth, integrity, and talent. If it has presented "characters" for the pencil of a *Paul Pallet*, it has also nurtured many of those sons and daughters of genius, whose exemplary lives and meritorious productions have alike conferred honour on the city and on their own names.

At the time of writing the volume above noticed, I had collected a variety of miscellaneous *Anecdotes of*

Bath, which have increased during my inquiries for the present work. Although aware that a publication of considerable local interest might be produced from these collections, I am not prepared to say that it can be accomplished by myself, for my literary engagements are already arduous. It is much easier to plan than to execute; and still less difficult to collect materials, than it is to digest and amalgamate them into a consistent and harmonious form. Whatever may be the issue of my own intentions, my purpose is to present them to the *Bath Institution*, either for amusing reference, or the use of some person who may carry such a work into execution.

May 1, 1830. J. BRITTON.

THE

NEW BATH GUIDE.

Part the First.

THE

NEW BATH GUIDE.

LETTER I.

MISS JENNY W—D—R, TO LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS AT —— CASTLE, NORTH.

A View from the Parades at Bath, with some Account of the Dramatis Personæ.

SWEET are yon hills that crown this fertile vale!—
Ye genial springs! Pierian waters, hail!

Hail woods and lawns! Yes—oft I 'll tread
Yon pine-clad mountain's side,[1]
Oft trace the gay enamelled mead,
Where Avon rolls his pride.

Sure, next to fair Castalia's streams,
And Pindus' flowery path,
Apollo most the springs esteems,
And verdant meads of Bath.

The Muses haunt these hallowed groves,
And here their vigils keep;
Here teach fond swains their hapless loves
In gentle strains to weep.

From water sprung, like flowers from dew,
What troops of bards appear!
The god of verse, and physic too,
Inspires them twice a-year.

Take, then, my friend, the sprightly rhyme,
While you inglorious waste your prime
At home, in cruel durance pent,
On dull domestic cares intent;
Forbid, by parent's harsh decree,
To share the joys of Bath with me.

Ill-judging parent! blind to merit,
Thus to confine a nymph of spirit!
With all thy talents doomed to fade,
And wither in th' unconscious shade
I vow, my dear, it moves my spleen,
Such frequent instances I've seen
Of fathers, cruel and unkind,
To all paternal duty blind.
What wretches do we meet with often,
Whose hearts no tenderness can soften:
Sure all good authors should expose
Such parents, both in verse and prose,
And nymphs inspire with resolution
Ne'er to submit to persecution;
This wholesome satire much enhances
The merit of our best romances;
And modern plays that I could mention,
With judgment fraught, and rare invention,
Are written with the same intention.

But, thank my stars! that worthy pair
Who undertook a guardian's care,
My spirit never have confined;
(An instance of their generous mind)
For Lady B—n—r—d, my aunt,
Herself proposed this charming jaunt,
All from redundancy of care
For Sim, her fav'rite son and heir:
To him the joyous hours I owe
That Bath's enchanting scenes bestow,
Thanks to her book of choice receipts
That pampered him with sav'ry meats;
Nor less that day deserves a blessing
She cramm'd his sister to excess in:
For now she sends both son and daughter
For crudities to drink the water.
And here they are, all bile and spleen,
The strangest fish that e'er were seen;
With Tabby Runt, their maid, poor creature,
The queerest animal in nature:

I 'm certain none of Hogarth's sketches
E'er formed a set of stranger wretches.
I own, my dear, it hurts my pride,
To see them blundering by my side;
My spirits flag, my life and fire
Are mortified *au desespoir*,
When Sim, unfashionable ninny,
In public calls me *Cousin Jenny*:
And yet, to give the wight his due,
He has some share of humour too;
A comic vein of pedant learning
His conversation you 'll discern in,—
The oddest compound you can see
Of shrewdness and simplicity;
With natural strokes of awkward wit,
That oft like Parthian arrows hit;
For when he seems to dread the foe,
He always strikes the hardest blow;
And when you 'd think he means to flatter,
His panegyrics turn to satire;—

But then no creature you can find
Knows half so little of mankind;
Seems always blundering in the dark,
And always making some remark;
Remarks that so provoke one's laughter,
One can't imagine what he's after:
And sure you 'll thank me for exciting
In Sim a wonderous itch for writing;
With all his serious grimace,
To give descriptions of the place.
No doubt his mother will produce
His poetry for general use,
And if his bluntness does not fright you,
His observations must delight you;
For truly the good creature's mind
Is honest, generous, and kind:
If unprovoked, will ne'er displease ye,
Or ever make one soul uneasy.
I 'll try to make his sister Prue
Take a small trip to Pindus too

And me the Nine shall all inspire
To tune for thee the warbling lyre:
For thee the Muse shall every day
Speed, by the post, her rapid way:
For thee, my friend, I 'll oft explore
Deep treasures of romantic lore:
Nor wonder if I gods create,
As all good bards have done of late;
'Twill make my verse run smooth and even,
To call new deities from heaven.
Come, then, thou goddess I adore!—
But soft—my chairman 's at the door,
The ball 's begun—my friend no more.

Bath, 1766. J—— W—D—R.

LETTER II.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D, AT —— HALL, NORTH.

Mr. B—n—r—d's reflections on his arrival at Bath.— The case of himself and company.—The acquaintance he commences, &c.

WE all are a wonderful distance from home!
Two hundred and sixty long miles are we come!
And sure you 'll rejoice, my dear mother, to hear
We are safely arrived at the sign of the Bear.[2]
'Tis a plaguy long way!—but I ne'er can repine,
As my stomach is weak, and my spirits decline:
For the people say here,—be whatever your case,
You are sure to get well if you come to this place.
Miss Jenny made fun, as she always is wont,
Of Prudence my sister, and Tabitha Runt;

IN ANCIENT
OOTH
ANATIC SOCIETY

And every moment she heard me complain,
Declared I was vapoured, and laughed at my pain.
What though at Devizes I fed pretty hearty,[3]
And made a good meal, like the rest of the party;
When I came here to Bath, not a bit could I eat,
Though the man at the Bear had provided a treat:
And so I went, quite out of spirits, to bed,
With wind in my stomach, and noise in my head.
As we all came for health (as a body may say),
I sent for the doctor the very next day;
And the doctor was pleased, though so short was the warning,
To come to our lodging betimes in the morning:
He looked very thoughtful and grave, to be sure,
And I said to myself,—There's no hopes of a cure!
But I thought I should faint, when I saw him, dear mother,
Feel my pulse with one hand, and a watch in the other:

No token of death that is heard in the night
Could ever have put me so much in a fright:
Thinks I—'tis all over—my sentence is past,
And now he is counting how long I may last.
Then he looked at ——, and his face grew so long,
I 'm sure he thought something within me was wrong.
He determined our cases, at length (G—d preserve us!)—
I 'm bilious, I find, and the women are nervous:
Their systems relaxed, and all turned topsy-turvy,
With hypochondriacs, obstructions, and scurvy:
And these are distempers he must know the whole on,
For he talk'd of the peritoneum and colon,—
Of phlegmatic humours oppressing the women,
From feculent matter that swells the abdomen:
But the noise I have heard in my bowels like thunder,
Is a flatus, I find, in my left hypochonder.

So plenty of med'cines each day does he send,
Post singulas liquidas sedes sumend',
Ad crepitus vesper' et man' promovend';
In English to say, we must swallow a potion,
For driving out wind after every motion:
The same to continue for three weeks at least,
Before we may venture the waters to taste.
Five times have I purged, yet I 'm sorry to tell ye,
I find the same gnawing and wind in my belly;
But, without any doubt, I shall find myself stronger,
When I 've took the same physic a week or two longer.
He gives little Tabby a great many doses,
For he says the poor creature has got the chlorosis,
Or a ravenous pica, so brought on the vapours
By swallowing stuff she had read in the papers;
And often I 've marvelled she spent so much money
In *water-dock essence*, and *balsam of honey*;

Such tinctures, elixirs, such pills have I seen,—
I never could wonder her face was so green.
Yet he thinks he can very soon set her to right,
With *testic' equin'*[5], that she takes every night;
And when to her spirits and strength he has brought her,
He thinks she may venture to bathe in the water.
But Prudence is forced ev'ry day to ride out,
For he says she wants thoroughly jumbling about.
Now it happens in this very house is a lodger,
Whose name's Nicodemus, but some call him Roger,
And Roger's so kind, as my sister to bump
On a pillion,[6] as soon as she comes from the pump:
He's a pious good man, and an excellent scholar,
And I think it is certain no harm can befall her;
For Roger is constantly saying his prayers,
Or singing some spiritual hymn on the stairs.
But my cousin Miss Jenny's as fresh as a rose,
And the Captain attends her wherever she goes:

The Captain's a worthy good sort of a man,
For he calls in upon us whenever he can;
And often a dinner or supper he takes here,
And Jenny and he talk of Milton and Shakspeare:—
For the life of me now I can't think of his name,
But we all got acquainted as soon as we came.

Don't wonder, dear mother, in verse I have writ,
For Jenny declares I 've a good, pretty wit:
She says that she frequently sends a few verses
To friends and acquaintance, and often rehearses;
Declares 'tis the fashion; and all the world knows
There's nothing so filthy, so vulgar as prose.
And I hope, as I write without any connexion,
I shall make a great figure in Dodsley's Collection;
At least, when he chooses his book to increase,
I may take a small flight as a fugitive piece.[7]—
But now, my dear mother, I'm quite at a stand,
So I rest your most dutiful son to command.

Bath, 1766. S—— B—N—R—D.

LETTER III.

MISS JENNY W—D—R, TO LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS, AT ——— CASTLE, NORTH.

The Birth of Fashion, a specimen of a Modern Ode.

SURE there are charms by Heaven assigned
To modish life alone;
A grace, an air, a taste refined,
To vulgar souls unknown.

Nature, my friend, profuse in vain,
May every gift impart;
If unimprov'd, they ne'er can gain
An empire o'er the heart.

Dress be our care, in this gay scene
Of Pleasure's best abode:
Enchanting Dress! if well I ween,
Meet subject for an ode.

Come then, nymph of various mien,
Votary true of Beauty's queen,
Whom the young and ag'd adore,
And thy different arts explore;
Fashion, come:—on me awhile
Deign, fantastic nymph, to smile.
Moria,* thee, in times of yore,
To the motley Proteus bore;
He, in bishop's robes arrayed,
Went one night to masquerade,
Where thy simple mother strayed:
She was clad like harmless Quaker,
And was pleased my lord should take her
By the waist, and kindly shake her;

* The Goddess of Folly.

And, with look demure, said she,
" Pray, my lord,— *do you know me?*"
He, with soothing, flattering arts,
Such as win all female hearts,
Much extoll'd her wit and beauty,
And declar'd it was his duty,
As she was a maid of honour,
To confer his blessing on her.
There, 'mid dress of various hue,
Crimson, yellow, green, and blue,
All on furbelows and laces,
Slipt into her chaste embraces;
Then, like sainted rogue, cried he,
" Little Quaker—*you know me!*"

Fill'd with thee she went to France,
Land renowned for complaisance,
Versed in science debonair,
Bowing, dancing, dressing hair;

There she chose her habitation,
Fix'd thy place of education.
Nymph, at thy auspicious birth,
Hebe strew'd with flowers the earth;
Thee to welcome, all the Graces,
Deck'd in ruffles, deck'd in laces,
With the God of Love attended,
And the Cyprian Queen descended.
Now you trip it o'er the globe,
Clad in parti-colour'd robe,
And, with all thy mother's sense,
Virtues of your sire dispense.

Goddess, if from hand like mine
Aught be worthy of thy shrine,
Take the flow'ry wreath I twine.
Lead, oh! lead me by the hand,
Guide me with thy magic wand,
Whether deck'd in lace and ribbons,
Thou appear'st like Mrs. Gibbons,[8]

Or the nymph of smiling look,
At Bath yclept Janetta Cook.
Bring, O bring thy essence-pot,
Amber, musk, and bergamot,
Eau-de-chipre, eau-de-luce,
Sans-pareil, and citron-juice;
Nor thy band-box leave behind,
Fill'd with stores of every kind;
All th' enraptur'd bard supposes,
Who to Fancy, odes composes;
All that Fancy's self has feigned,
In a band-box is contained:
Painted lawns and checker'd shades,
Crape that's worn by love-lorn maids,
Water'd tabbies, flower'd brocades,
Violets, pinks, Italian posies,
Myrtles, jessamin, and roses,
Aprons, caps, and 'kerchiefs clean,
Straw-built hats, and bonnets green,

Catguts, gauzes, tippets, ruffs,
Fans, and hoods, and feather'd muffs,
Stomachers, and paris-nets,
Ear-rings, necklaces, aigrets,
Fringes, blonds, and mignionets;
Fine vermilion for the cheek,
Velvet patches *à la grèque.*
Come, but don't forget the gloves,
Which, with all the smiling loves,
Venus caught young Cupid picking
From the tender breast of chicken;
Little chicken, worthier far,
Than the birds of Juno's car,
Soft as Cytherea's dove,
Let thy skin my skin improve;
Thou by night shalt grace my arm,
And by day shalt teach to charm.

Then, O sweet Goddess, bring with thee
Thy boon attendant Gayety,

Laughter, Freedom, Mirth, and Ease,
And all the smiling deities;
Fancy spreading painted sails,
Loves that fan with gentle gales.—
But hark!—methinks I hear a voice,
My organs all at once rejoice;
A voice that says, or seems to say,
"Sister, hasten, sister gay,
Come to the pump-room—come away."

Bath, 1766. J—— W—D—R.

LETTER IV.

MR. SIMPKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

A Consultation of Physicians.

DEAR mother, my time has been wretchedly spent,
With a gripe or a hiccup wherever I went,
My stomach all swell'd, till I thought it would burst,
Sure never poor mortal with wind was so curst!
If ever I ate a good supper at night,
I dream'd of the devil, and waked in a fright:
And so, as I grew every day worse and worse,
The doctor advised me to send for a nurse,

And the nurse was so willing my health to restore,
She begg'd me to send for a few doctors more;
For when any difficult work's to be done,
Many heads can despatch it much sooner than one;
And I find there are doctors enough at this place,
If you want to consult in a dangerous case!
So they all met together, and thus began talking:
" Good doctor, I'm your's — 'tis a fine day for walking —
Sad news in the papers — G—d knows who's to blame!
The colonies seem to be all in a flame —
This stamp act, no doubt, might be good for the crown,
But I fear 'tis *a pill* that will never go down —
What can Portugal mean? — Is she going to stir up
Convulsions, and *heats in the bowels* of Europe?
'Twill be fatal if England *relapses* again,
From the ill blood and humours of Bourbon and Spain."

Says I, " My good doctors, I can't understand
Why the deuce ye take so many patients in hand;
Ye 've a great deal of practice, as far as I find,—
But since ye 're come hither, do pray be so kind
To write me down something that 's good for the wind.
No doubt ye are all of ye great politicians,
But at present my bowels have need of physicians:
Consider my case in the light it deserves,
And pity the state of my stomach and nerves."—
But a tight little doctor began a dispute
About administrations, Newcastle, and Bute,
Talk'd much of economy, much of profuseness.
Says another — " This case, which at first was a looseness,
Is become a *tenesmus*, and all we can do,
Is to give him a *gentle cathartic*, or two;
First get off the phlegm that adheres to the *plicæ*,
Then throw in a med'cine that 's pretty and spicy;

A peppermint draught, — or a — Come, let 's be gone,
We 've another bad case to consider at one."

So thus they brushed off, each his cane at his nose,
When Jenny came in, who had heard all their prose;
" I 'll teach them," says she, " at their next consultation,
To come and take fees for the good of the nation."
I could not conceive what the devil she meant,
But she seized all the stuff that the doctor had sent,
And out of the window she flung it down souse,
As the first politician went out of the house.
Decoctions and syrups around him all flew,
The pills, bolus, julep, and apozem too;
His wig had the luck a cathartic to meet,
And squash went the gallipot under his feet.
She said, 'twas a shame I should swallow such stuff,
When my bowels were weak, and the physic so rough;

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Declared she was shocked that so many should come
To be doctored to death such a distance from home,
At a place where they tell you that water alone
Can cure all distempers that ever were known.
But, what is the pleasantest part of the story,
She has ordered for dinner a piper and dory;
For to-day Captain Cormorant's coming to dine,
That worthy acquaintance of Jenny's and mine.
'Tis a shame to the army, that men of such spirit
Should never obtain the reward of their merit;
For the Captain's as gallant a man, I'll be sworn,
And as honest a fellow, as ever was born:
After so many hardships and dangers incurred,
He himself thinks he ought to be better preferred.
And Roger, or, what is his name? Nicodemus,
Appears full as kind, and as much to esteem us;
Our Prudence declares he's an excellent preacher,
And by night and by day is so good as to teach her;

His doctrine so sound with such spirit he gives,
She ne'er can forget it as long as she lives.
I told you before that he 's often so kind
To go out a riding with Prudence behind,
So frequently dines here without any pressing —
And now to the fish he is giving his blessing;
And as that is the case, though I 've taken a griper,
I'll venture to peck at the dory and piper.
And now my dear mother, &c. &c. &c.

Bath, 1766. S—— B—N—R—D.

LETTER V.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D AT —— HALL, NORTH.

Salutations of Bath, and an Adventure of Mr. B—n—r—d's in consequence thereof.

No city, dear mother, this city excels
In charming sweet sounds both of fiddles and bells;
I thought, like a fool, that they only would ring
For a wedding, or judge, or the birth of a king;
But I found 't was for me, that the good-natured people
Rung so hard that I thought they would pull down the steeple;
So I took out my purse, as I hate to be shabby,
And paid all the men when they came from the abbey;

Yet some think it strange they should make such
a riot
In a place where sick folk would be glad to be
quiet:
But I hear 'tis the business of this corporation
To welcome in all the great men of the nation;
For you know there is nothing diverts or employs
The minds of great people like making a noise:
So with bells they contrive all as much as they can
To tell the arrival of any such man.
If a broker, or statesman, a gamester, or peer,
A naturalised Jew, or a bishop come here,
Or an eminent trader in cheese should retire
Just to think of the business the state may require;
With horns and with trumpets, with fiddles and
drums,[9]
They 'll strive to divert him as soon as he comes:
'Tis amazing they find such a number of ways
Of employing his thoughts all the time that he
stays:

If by chance the great man at his lodging alone is,
He may view from his window the colliers' ponies
On both the Parades, where they tumble and kick,
To the great entertainment of those that are sick:[10]
What a number of turnspits and builders he 'll find
For relaxing his cares, and unbending his mind;
While notes of sweet music contend with the cries
Of "fine potted laver, fresh oysters, and pies!"
And music's a thing I shall truly revere,
Since the city-musicians so tickled my ear:
For when we arrived here at Bath t' other day,
They came to our lodgings on purpose to play;
And I thought it was right, as the music was come
To foot it a little in Tabitha's room;
For practice makes perfect, as often I 've read,
And to heels is of service as well as the head.
But the lodgers were shocked such a noise we should make,
And the ladies declared that we kept them awake;

Lord Ringbone, who lay in the parlour below,
On account of the gout he had got in his toe,
Began on a sudden to curse and to swear:
I protest, my dear mother, 't was shocking to hear
The oaths of that reprobate gouty old peer.
"All the devils in hell sure at once have concurred
To make such a noise here as never was heard;
Some blundering blockhead, while I am in bed,
Treads as hard as a coach-horse just over my head;
I cannot conceive what a plague he 's about:
Are the fiddlers come hither to make all this rout
With their d—'d squeaking catgut, that 's worse
than the gout?
If the aldermen bade 'm come hither, I swear,
I wish they were broiling in hell with the mayor;
May flames be my portion, if ever I give
Those rascals one farthing as long I live!"
So while they were playing their musical airs,
And I was just dancing the hay round the chairs,
He roared to his Frenchman to kick them down
stairs.

The Frenchman came forth, with his outlandish lingo,
Just the same as a monkey, and made all the men go;
I could not make out what he said, not a word,
And his lordship declared I was very absurd.
Says I, "Master Ringbone, I've nothing to fear,
Though you be a lord, and your man a mounseer,
For the mayor and the aldermen bade them come here: —

—— As absurd as I am,
I don't care a damn
For you nor your *valee de sham:*
For a lord, do you see,
Is nothing to me,
Any more than a flea;
And your Frenchman so eager,
With all his soup-meagre,
Is no more than a mouse,
Or a bug, or a louse,

And I'll do as I please while I stay in the house:

For the B—n—r—d family all can afford
To part with their money as free as a lord."

So I thank'd the musicians, and gave them a guinea,
Tho' the ladies and gentlemen called me a ninny;
And I'll give them another the next time they play,
For men of good fortune encourage, they say,
All arts and all sciences too in their way:
So the men were so kind as to halloo and bawl,
" God bless you, Sir! thank you, good fortune befall
Yourself and the B—n—r—d family all!"

Excuse any more, — for I very well know,
Both my subject and verse *are exceedingly low;*
But if any great critic finds fault with my letter,
He has nothing to do but to send you a better.
And now, my dear mother, &c. &c. &c.

Bath, 1766. S—— B—N—R—D.

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LETTER VI.

MR. SIMPKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

Mr. B—n—r—d gives a description of the Bathing.

THIS morning, dear mother, as soon as 't was light,
I was wak'd by a noise that astonish'd me quite;
For in Tabitha's chamber I heard such a clatter,
I could not conceive what the deuce was the matter:
And, would you believe it? I went up and found her,
In a blanket, with two lusty fellows around her,
Who both seemed a going to carry her off in
A little black box just the size of a coffin.

" Pray tell me," says I, " what ye're doing of there?"

" Why, master, 'tis hard to be bilk'd of our fare,
And so we were thrusting her into a chair;
We don't see no reason for using us so,
For she bade us come hither, and now she won't go:
We've earn'd all the fare, for we both came and knock'd her
Up, as soon as 't was light, by advice of the doctor;
And this is a job that we often go a'ter
For ladies that choose to go into the water."

" But pray," says I, " Tabitha, what is your drift
To be covered in flannel instead of a shift?
'Tis all by the doctor's advice, I suppose,
That nothing is left to be seen but your nose:
I think, if you really intend to go in,
'T would do you more good if you stript to the skin;
And if you 've a mind for a frolic, i' fa'th,
I 'll just step and see you jump into the bath."
So they hoisted her down just as safe and as well
And as snug as a hodmandod rides in his shell; [11]

I fain would have gone to see Tabitha dip,
But they turned at a corner, and gave me the slip;
Yet in searching about I had better success,
For I got to a place where the ladies undress:
Thinks I to myself, they are after some fun,
And I 'll see what they 're doing, as sure as a gun:
So I peeped at the door, and I saw a great mat
That covered the table, and got under that,
And laid myself down there as snug and as still,
(As a body may say) like a thief in a mill:
And of all the fine sights I have seen, my dear mother,
I never expect to behold such another:
How the ladies did giggle and set up their clacks
All the while an old woman was rubbing their backs!
Oh, 'twas pretty to see them all put on their flannels,
And then take the water like so many spaniels;

And though all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
They swam just as if they were hunting an otter.
'T was a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks,
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl
In a great smoking kettle as big as our hall;
And to-day many persons of rank and condition
Were boil'd by command of an able physician:
Dean Spavin, Dean Mangey, and Doctor De'squirt,
Were all sent from Cambridge to rub off their dirt;
Judge Bane, and the worthy old Counsellor Pest,
Join'd issue at once, and went in with the rest;
And this they all said was exceedingly good
For strength'ning the spirits and mending the blood.
It pleased me to see how they all were inclined
To lengthen their lives for "the good of mankind;"
For I ne'er would believe that a bishop or judge
Can fancy old Satan may owe him a grudge;

Though some think the lawyer may choose to
demur,
And the priest till another occasion *defer*;
And both, to be better prepared for herea'ter,
Take a smack of the brimstone contained in the
water.
But, what is surprising, no mortal e'er view'd
Any one of the physical gentlemen stewed;
Since the day that King Bladud* first found out
these bogs,
And thought them so good for himself and his hogs,
Not one of the faculty ever has tried
These excellent waters to cure his own hide;
Though many a skilful and learned physician,
With candour, good sense, and profound erudition,
Obliges the world with the fruits of his brain,
Their nature and hidden effects to explain.

* Vide Prefatory Essay for an account of this princely Pig-keeper and Prophet.

Thus Chiron advised Madam Thetis to take
And dip her poor child in the Stygian lake,
But the worthy old doctor was not such an elf
As ever to venture his carcass himself.
So Jason's good wife used to set on a pot,
And put in at once all the patients she got;
But thought it sufficient to give her direction,
Without being coddled to mend her complexion;
And I never have heard that she wrote any treatise
To tell what the virtue of water and heat is.
You cannot conceive what a number of ladies
Were wash'd in the water the same as our maid is:
Old Baron Vanteazer, a man of great wealth,
Brought his lady the Baroness here for her health;
The Baroness bathes, and she says that her case
Has been hit to a hair, and is mending apace;
And this is a point all the learned agree on,
The Baron has met with the fate of Acteon,
Who, while he peep'd into the bath, had the luck
To find himself suddenly changed to a buck.

Miss Scratchit went in, and the Countess of Scales,
Both ladies of very great fashion in Wales;
Then, all on a sudden, two persons of worth,
My Lady Pandora Mac'scurvy came forth,
With General Sulphur arrived from the North.
So Tabby, you see, had the honour of washing
With folks of distinction and very high fashion;
But in spite of good company, poor little soul,
She shook both her ears like a mouse in a bowl.

Ods-bobs! how delighted I was, unawares,
With the fiddles I heard in the room above stairs;
For music is wholesome, the doctors all think,
For ladies that bathe and for ladies that drink;
And that's the opinion of Robin our driver,
Who whistles his nags while they stand at the river;
They say it is right that for every glass
A tune you should take, that the water may pass;

So while little Tabby was washing her rump,
The ladies kept drinking it out of a pump.

I've a deal more to say, but am loath to intrude
On your time, my dear mother, so now I conclude.

Bath, 1766. S—— B—N—R—D.

LETTER VII.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D, AT —— CASTLE, NORTH.

A Panegyric on Bath, and a Moravian Hymn.

Of all the gay places the world can afford,
By gentle and simple for pastime ador'd,
Fine balls and fine concerts, fine buildings and springs,
Fine walks and fine views, and a thousand fine things,
(Not to mention the sweet situation and air),
What place, my dear mother, with Bath can compare?
Let Bristol for commerce and dirt be renown'd,
At Salisbury penknives and scissors be ground;

The towns of Devizes, of Bradford, and Frome,
May boast that they better can manage the loom;
I believe that they may;— but, the world to refine,
In manners, in dress, and politeness to shine,
O Bath! let the art, let the glory be thine!
I 'm sure I have travelled our county all o'er,
And ne'er was so civilly treated before;
Would you think, my dear mother, (without the least hint
That we all should be glad of appearing in print),
The news-writers here were so kind as to give all
The world an account of our happy arrival?—
You scarce can imagine what numbers I've met,
(Though to me they are perfectly strangers as yet,)
Who all with address and civility came,
And seemed vastly proud of *subscribing* our name.
Young Timothy Canvass is charm'd with the place,
Who, I hear, is come hither, his fibres to brace;
Poor man! at th' election he threw, t' other day,
All his victuals, and liquor, and money away;

And some people think, with such haste he began,
That soon he the constable greatly outran,
And is qualified now for a parliament-man;
Goes every day to the coffee-house, where
The wits and the great politicians repair;
Harangues on the funds and the state of the nation,
And plans a good speech for an administration,
In hopes of a place, which he thinks he deserves,
As the love of his country has ruined his nerves.
Our neighbour, Sir Easterlin Widgeon, has swore
He ne'er will return to his bogs any more;
The Thicksculls are settled; we 've had invitations
With a great many more on the score of relations.
The Loungers are come too. Old Stucco has just sent
His plan for a house to be built in the Crescent;
'T will soon be complete, and they say all their work
Is as strong as St. Paul's, or the Minster at York.

Don't you think 'twould be better to lease our
estate,
And buy a good house here before 'tis too late?
You never can go, my dear mother, where you
So much have to see, and so little to do.

I write this in haste, for the Captain is come,
And so kind as to go with us all to the room;
But be sure by the very next post you shall hear
Of all I've the pleasure of meeting with there;
For I scribble my verse with a great deal of ease,
And can send you a letter whenever I please;
And while at this place I've the honour to stay,
I think I can never want something to say.
But now, my dear mother, &c. &c. &c.

Bath, 1766. S—— B—N—R—D.

POSTSCRIPT.

I'm sorry to find, at the city of Bath,
Many folks are uneasy concerning their faith:

Nicodemus the preacher strives all he can do
To quiet the conscience of good sister Prue;
But Tabby from scruples of mind is released
Since she met with a learned Moravian priest,[12]
Who says, *there is neither transgression nor sin,*—
A doctrine that brings many customers in.
She thinks this the prettiest ode upon earth,
Which he made on his infant that died in the birth:—

ODE.*

Chicken blessed
And caressed,
Little bee on Jesu's breast!
From the hurry
And the flurry
Of the earth thou 'rt now at rest.

* The learned Moravian has pirated this Ode from Count Zinzendorf's Book of Hymns. Vide Hymn 33.

LETTER VIII.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D, TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

Mr. B—n—r—d goes to the Rooms. His opinion of Gaming.

FROM the earliest ages, dear mother, till now,
All statesmen and great politicians allow
That nothing advances the good of a nation
Like giving all money a free circulation:
This question from members of parliament draws
Many speeches that meet universal applause;
And if ever, dear mother, I live to be one,
I 'll speak on this subject, as sure as a gun:
For Bath will I speak, and I 'll make an oration
Shall obtain me the freedom of this corporation;

I have no kind of doubt but the Speaker will beg
All the members to *hear*, when I set out my leg.
" Circulation of cash — circulation decayed —
Is at once the destruction and ruin of trade;
Circulation, I say — circulation it is,
Gives life to commercial countries like this."
What thanks to the city of Bath then are due
From all who this patriot maxim pursue!
For in no place whatever, that national good,
Is practised so well, and so well understood.
What infinite merit and praise does she claim in
Her ways and her means for promoting of *gaming!*
And gaming, no doubt, is of infinite use
That same circulation of cash to produce.
What true public-spirited people are here,
Who for that very purpose come every year!
All eminent men, who no trade ever knew
But gaming, the only good trade to pursue:
All other professions are subject to fail,
But gaming 's a business will ever prevail;

Besides, 'tis the only good way to commence
An acquaintance with all men of spirit and sense:
We may grub on without it through life, I suppose,
But then 'tis with people *that nobody knows.*
We ne'er can expect to be rich, wise, or great,
Or be looked upon fit for employments of state:
'Tis your men of fine heads and of nice calculations
That afford so much service to administrations,
Who, by frequent experience, know how to devise
The speediest methods of raising supplies:
'Tis such men as these, men of honour and worth,
That challenge respect from all persons of birth;
And is it not right they should all be carest,
When they 're all so polite, and so very well drest,
When they circulate freely the money they've won,
And wear a laced coat, though their fathers wore none?

'Our trade is encouraged as much, if not more,
By the tender soft sex I shall ever adore;

But their husbands, those brutes, have been known
to complain,
And swear they will never set foot here again.

Ye wretches ingrate! to find fault with your
wives,
The comfort, the solace, and joy of your lives;
Oh! that women, whose price is so far above rubies,
Should fall to the lot of such ignorant boobies!
Does n't Solomon speak of such women with
rapture,
In verse the eleventh and thirty-first chapter?
And surely that wise King of Israel knew
What belonged to a woman much better than
you!
He says, "If you find out a virtuous wife,
She will do a man good all the days of her life;
She deals like a merchant, she sitteth up late."
And you 'll find it is written in verse twenty-eight,
"Her husband is sure to be known at the gate:

He never hath need or occasion for spoil,
When his wife is much better employ'd all the while;
She seeketh fine wool, and fine linen she buys,
And is clothed in purple and scarlet, likewise."
Now, pray, don't your wives do the very same thing,
And follow th' advice of that worthy old king?
Do they spare for expenses themselves in adorning?
Don't they go about buying fine things all the morning?
And at cards all the night take the trouble to play,
To get back the money they spent in the day?
And sure there 's no sort of occasion to shew
Ye are known at the gate, or wherever ye go.
Pray are not your ladies at Bath better placed
Than the wife of a king, who herself so disgraced,
And at Ithaca lived in *such very bad taste?*
Poor soul! while her husband thought proper to leave her,
She slaved all the day like a Spitalfields weaver;

And then, like a fool, when her web was half spun,
Pull'd to pieces at night all the work she had done:
But these to their husbands more profit can yield,
And are much like a lily that grows in the field;
They toil not indeed, nor indeed do they spin,
Yet they never are idle when once they begin,
But are very intent on increasing their store,
And always keep shuffling and cutting for more:
Industrious creatures! that make it a rule
To secure half the fish, while they *manage* the pool;
So they win, to be sure; but I very much wonder
Why they put so much money the candlestick under;
For up comes a man, on a sudden, slap-dash,
Snuffs the candles, and carries away all the cash:
And as nobody trouble their heads any more,
I 'm in very great hopes that it goes to the poor.
Methinks I should like to excel in a trade
By which such a number their fortunes have made.
I 've heard of a wise, philosophical Jew,
That shuffles the cards in a manner that's new;

One Jonas, I think; and could wish for the future
To have that illustrious sage for my tutor;
And the Captain, whose kindness I ne'er can forget,
Will teach me a game that he calls *lansquenet*,
So I soon shall acquaint you what money I 've won;
In the mean time I rest your most dutiful son,

Bath, 1766. S—— B—N—R—D.

THE

NEW BATH GUIDE.

Part the Second.

THE

NEW BATH GUIDE.

LETTER IX.

MISS JENNY W—D—R TO LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS, AT —— CASTLE, NORTH.

A Journal.

To humbler strains, ye Nine, descend,
And greet my poor sequestered friend.
Not odes, with rapid eagle flight,
That soar above all human sight,
Not fancy's fair and fertile field,
To all the same delight can yield.
But come, Calliope, and say
How pleasure wastes the various day:

Whether thou art wont to rove
By Parade, or Orange Grove,
Or to breathe a purer air
In the Circus, or the Square;
Wheresoever be thy path,
Tell, O tell, the joys of Bath.

Every morning, every night,
Gayest scenes of fresh delight;
When Aurora sheds her beams,
Waked from soft Elysian dreams,
Music calls me to the spring
Which can health and spirits bring:
There Hygeia, goddess, pours
Blessings from her various stores;
Let me to her altars haste,
Though I ne'er the waters taste,
Near the pump to take my stand,
With a nosegay in my hand,

And to hear the Captain say,
" How d' ye do, dear Miss, to-day?"
The Captain;—now you'll say, my dear,
Methinks I long his name to hear:
Why then—but don't you tell my aunt,
The Captain's name is Cormorant:
But hereafter, you must know,
I shall call him Romeo;
And your friend, dear Lady Bet,
Jenny no more, but Juliet.

O ye guardian spirits fair,
All who make true love your care,
May I oft my Romeo meet,
Oft enjoy his converse sweet;
I alone his thoughts employ,
Through each various scene of joy!
Lo! where all the jocund throng
From the pump-room hastes along,

To the breakfast all invited
By Sir Toby, lately knighted.
See with joy my Romeo comes!
He conducts me to the Rooms;
There he whispers, not unseen,
Tender tales behind the screen;
While his eyes are fixed on mine,
See each nymph with envy pine,
And, with looks of forced disdain,
Smile contempt, but sigh in vain!

O the charming parties made!
Some to walk the south Parade,
Some to Lincomb's shady groves,
Or to Simpson's proud alcoves;[13]
Some for chapel trip away,
Then take places for the play;
Or we walk about in pattens,
Buying gauzes, cheap'ning satins:

Or to Painter's we repair,
Meet Sir Peregrine Hatchet there,
Pleased the artist's skill to trace
In his dear Miss Gorgon's face:
Happy pair! who fixed as fate
For the sweet connubial state,
Smile in canvass *tête-à-tête.*
If the weather, cold and chill,
Calls us all to Mr. Gill,
Romeo hands to me the jelly,
Or the soup of vermicelli:
If at Toyshop I step in,
He presents a diamond pin;
Sweetest token I can wear,
Which at once may grace my hair,
And, in witness of my flame,
Teach the glass to bear his name.
See him turn each trinket over,
If for me he can discover

Aught his passion to reveal,
Emblematic ring or seal,
Cupid whetting pointed darts
For a pair of tender hearts;
Hymen lighting sacred fires,
Types of chaste and fond desires.
Thus enjoy we every blessing,
Till the toilet calls to dressing:
Where 's my garnet, cap, and sprig?
Send for Singe to dress my wig;
Bring my silvered mazarine,
Sweetest gown that e'er was seen:
Tabitha, put on my ruff;
Where 's my dear delightful muff?
Muff, my faithful Romeo's present!
Tippet too from tail of pheasant!
Muff from downy breast of swan!
O the dear enchanting man!
Muff that makes me think how Jove
Flew to Leda from above —

Muff that—Tabby, see who rapt then.
" Madam, Madam, 'tis the Captain!"
Sure his voice I hear below,
'Tis, it is my Romeo!
Shape, and gait, and careless air,
Diamond ring, and solitaire,
Birth and fashion all declare.
How his eyes, that gently roll,
Speak the language of his soul!
See the dimple on his cheek,
See him smile and sweetly speak:
" Lovely nymph, at your command,
I have something in my hand,
Which I hope you'll not refuse,
'Twill us both at night amuse:
What though Lady Whisker crave it,
And Miss Badger longs to have it,
'Tis, by Jupiter I swear,
'Tis for you alone, my dear:

See this ticket, gentle maid,
At your feet an offering laid;
Thee the Loves and Graces call
To a little private ball;
And to play I bid adieu,
Hazard, lansquenet, and loo,
Fairest nymph, to dance with you."
— I with joy accept his ticket,
And upon my bosom stick it:
Well I know how Romeo dances,
With what air he first advances,
With what grace his gloves he draws on,
Claps, and calls up *Nancy Dawson;*
Me through every dance conducting
And the music oft instructing,
See him tap, the time to shew,
With his light fantastic toe;
Skilled in every art to please,
From the fan to waft the breeze,

Or his bottle to produce,
Filled with pungent *eau de luce.*
Wonder not, my friend, I go
To the ball with Romeo.

Such delights if thou canst give,
Bath, at thee I choose to live.

Bath, 1766. J—— W—D—R.

POSTSCRIPT.

Enclosed you 'll find some lines, my dear,
Made by a hungry poet here —
A happy bard who rhymes and eats,
And lives by uttering quaint conceits;
Yet thinks to him alone belong
The laurels due to modern song.

SONG.

A CHARGE TO THE POETS.

Written at Mr. Gill's, an eminent Cook at Bath.

Οὐ πρὸς παντὸς ἐστὶν ἀρτύσαι καλῶς.—*Frag. Vet. Poet.*

YE bards who sing the hero's praise,
Or lass's of the mill, [*Forte.*
A loftier theme invites your lays,
Come tune your lyres to Gill.

Of all the cooks the world can boast,
However great their skill,
To bake or fry, to boil or roast,
There 's none like Master Gill.

Sweet rhyming troop, no longer stoop
To drink Castalia's rill,
Whene'er ye droop, O taste the soup
That 's made by Master Gill.

O taste this soup, for which the fair,
When hungry, cold, and chill,
Forsake the Circus and the Square
To eat with Master Gill.

'Tis this that makes my Chloe's lips
Ambrosial sweets distil; [*Affettuoso.*
For leeks and cabbage oft she sips
In soup that 's made by Gill.

Immortal bards, view here your wit,
The labours of your quill,
To singe the fowl upon the spit
Condemned by Master Gill.

My humble verse that fate will meet,
Nor shall I take it ill;
But grant, ye gods! that I may eat
That fowl, when drest by Gill.

These are your true poetic fires
That drest this savoury grill;
Even while I eat, the Muse inspires,
And tunes my voice to Gill.

When C—— strikes the vocal lyre,
Sweet Lydian measures thrill;
But I the gridiron more admire,
When tuned by Master Gill.

"Come take my sage of ancient use,"
Cries learned Doctor H-ll:[14]
"But what 's the sage without the goose?"
Replies my Master Gill.

He who would fortify his mind,
His belly first should fill;
Roast beef 'gainst terrors best you'll find;
"The Greeks knew this," says Gill.

Your spirits and your blood to stir,
Old Galen gives a pill;
But I the forced-meat ball prefer,
Prepared by Master Gill.

While he so well can broil and bake,
I 'll promise, and fulfil,
No other physic e'er to take
Than what 's prescribed by Gill.

Your bard has lived at Bath so long, [*Piano.*
He dreads to see your bill—
Instead of cash, accept this song, [*Pianissimo.*
My worthy Master Gill.

LETTER X.

MR. SIMPKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—I.—D,
AT —— HALL, NORTH.

Taste and Spirit.—Mr. B—n—r—d commences a Beau Garçon.

So lively, so gay, my dear mother, I 'm grown,
I long to do something to make myself known;
For persons of taste and true spirit, I find,
Are fond of attracting the eyes of mankind:
What numbers one sees, who, for that very reason,
Come to make such a figure at Bath ev'ry season!
'Tis this that provokes Mrs. Shenkin Ap-Leek
To dine at the ord'nary twice in a week,
Though at home she might eat a good dinner in comfort,
Nor pay such a cursed extravagant sum for 't;

But then her acquaintance would never have known
Mrs. Shenkin Ap-Leek had acquired the *bon ton;*
Ne'er shewn how in taste the Ap-Leeks can excel
The Dutchess of Truffles and Lady Morell;
Had ne'er been ador'd by Sir Pye Macaroni,
And Count Vermicelli, his intimate crony;
Both men of such *taste,* their opinions are taken
From an ortolan down to a rasher of bacon.

What makes Kitty Spicer, and little Miss Sago,
To auctions and milliners' shops ev'ry day go?
What makes them to vie with each other, and quarrel
Which spends the most money for splendid apparel?
Why, *spirit*—to shew they have much better sense
Than their fathers, who raised it by shillings and pence.
What sends Peter Tewksbury every night
To the play with such infinite joy and delight?

Why, Peter's a critic,—with true Attic salt
Can damn the performers, can hiss, and find fault,
And tell when we ought to express approbation,
By thumping, and clapping, and vociferation;
So he gains our attention, and all must admire
Young Tewksbury's judgment, his spirit, and fire.
But Jack Dilettante despises the play'rs,
To concerts and musical parties repairs,
With benefit-tickets his pockets he fills,
Like a mountebank doctor distributes his bills;[15]
And thus his importance and interest shews,
By conferring his favours wherever he goes;
He's extremely polite both to me and my cousin,
For he often desires us to take off a dozen;
He has taste, without doubt, and a delicate ear,
No vile oratorios ever could bear;
But talks of the op'ras and his Signora,
Cries *bravo, benissimo, bravo, encora!*
And oft is so kind as to thrust in a note
While old Lady Cuckow is straining her throat,

Or little Miss Wren, who 's an excellent singer;
Then he points to the notes, with a ring on his finger;
And shews her the crotchet, the quaver, and bar,
All the time that she warbles and plays the guitar;
Yet I think, though she 's at it from morning till noon,
Her queer little thingumbob's never in tune.

Thank Heaven! of late, my dear mother, my face is
Not a little regarded at all public places;
For I ride in a chair, with my hands in a muff,
And have bought a silk coat, and embroidered the cuff;
But the weather was cold, and the coat it was thin,
So the tailor advised me to line it with skin:
But what with my Nivernois' hat can compare,
Bag-wig, and laced ruffles, and black solitaire?

And what can a man of true fashion denote,
Like an ell of good riband tyed under the throat?
My buckles and box are in exquisite taste,
The one is of paper, the other of paste:
And sure no camaieu was ever yet seen
Like that which I purchas'd at Wicksted's machine:
My stockings, of silk, are just come from the hosier,
For to-night I' m to dance with the charming Miss Towzer;
So I 'd have them to know, when I go to the ball,
I shall shew as much taste as the best of them all;
For a man of great fashion was heard to declare
He never beheld so engaging an air,
And swears all the world must my judgment confess,
My solidity, sense, understanding in dress;
My manners so form'd, and my wig so well curl'd,
I look like a man *of the very first world:*
But my person and figure you 'll best understand
From the picture I 've sent, by an eminent hand:

Shew it young Lady Betty, by way of endearance,
And to give her a spice of my mien and appearance.
Excuse any more; I 'm in haste to depart,
For a dance is a thing that I love in my heart;
So now, my dear mother, &c. &c. &c.

Bath, 1766. S—— B—N—R—D.

LETTER XI.

MR. SIMPKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

A Description of the Ball, with an Episode on Beau Nash.

WHAT joy at the ball, what delight have I found,
By all the bright circle encompassed around!
Each moment with transport my bosom felt warm,
For what, my dear mother, like beauty can charm?
The remembrance alone, while their praise I rehearse,
Gives life to my numbers, and strength to my verse:
Then allow for the rapture the Muses inspire,
Such themes call aloud for poetical fire.

I 've read how the goddesses meet all above,
And throng the immortal assemblies of Jove:
When joined with the Graces fair Venus appears,
Ambrosial sweet odours perfume all the spheres;
But the Goddess of Love, and the Graces and all,
Must yield to the beauties I 've seen at the ball;
For Jove never felt such a joy at his heart,
Such a heat as these charming sweet creatures impart.
In short—there is something in very fine women,
When they meet all together—that 's quite overcoming.

Then say, O ye nymphs, that inhabit the shades
Of Pindus' sweet banks, Heliconian maids,
Celestial Muses, ye powers divine,
O say, for your memory's better than mine,
What troops of fair virgins assembled around,
What squadrons of heroes for dancing renowned,
Were roused by the fiddles' harmonious sound.

What goddess shall first be the theme of my song,
Whose name the clear Avon may murmur along,
And echo repeat all the valleys among!
Lady Tettaton's sister, Miss Fubby Fatarmin,
Was the first that presented her person so charming,
Than whom more engaging, more beautiful none,
A goddess herself among goddesses shone,
Excepting the lovely Miss Towzer alone.
'Tis she that has long been the toast of the town,
Though all the world knows her complexion is brown:
If some people think that her mouth be too wide,
Miss Towzer has numberless beauties beside;
A countenance noble, with sweet pouting lips,
And a delicate shape from her waist to her hips;
Besides a prodigious rough black head of hair
All frizzled and curled o'er her neck that is bare:

I 've seen the sweet creature but once, I confess ;
But her air and her manner, and pleasing address,
All made me feel something I ne'er can express.

But lo! on a sudden, what multitudes pour
From Cambrian mountains, from Indian shore;
Bright maidens, bright widows, and fortunate swains,
Who cultivate Liffy's sweet borders and plains,
And they who their flocks in fair Albion feed,
Rich flocks and rich herds, (so the gods have decreed)
Since they quitted the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.
Yet here no confusion, no tumult is known,
Fair order and beauty establish their throne ;
For order, and beauty, and just regulation,
Support all the works of this ample creation.
For this, in compassion to mortals below,
The gods, their peculiar favour to shew,

Sent Hermes to Bath in the shape of a Beau:
That grandson of Atlas came down from above
To bless all the regions of pleasure and love;
To lead the fair nymph through the various maze,
Bright beauty to marshal, his glory and praise;
To govern, improve, and adorn the gay scene,
By the Graces instructed, and Cyprian queen:
As when in a garden delightful and gay,
Where Flora is wont all her charms to display,
The sweet hyacinthus with pleasure we view
Contend with narcissus in delicate hue;
The gardener industrious trims out his border,
Puts each odoriferous plant in its order;
The myrtle he ranges, the rose and the lily,
With iris, and crocus, and daffa-down-dilly;
Sweet-peas and sweet oranges all he disposes
At once to regale both your eyes and your noses:
Long reign'd the great Nash, this omnipotent lord,
Respected by youth, and by parents adored;

For him not enough at a ball to preside,
The unwary and beautiful nymph would he guide;
Oft tell her a tale, how the credulous maid
By man, by perfidious man, is betrayed;
Taught Charity's hand to relieve the distrest,
While tears have his tender compassion exprest:
But alas! he is gone, and the city can tell
How in years and in glory lamented he fell.
Him mourned all the Dryads on Claverton's mount;
Him Avon deplored, him the nymph of the fount,
The crystalline streams.
Then perish his picture, his statue decay,
A tribute more lasting the Muses shall pay.
If true, what philosophers all will assure us,
Who dissent from the doctrine of great Epicurus,
That the spirit 's immortal, as poets allow;
If life's occupations are followed below; —
In reward for his labours, his virtue, and pains,
He is footing it now in th' Elysian plains,

Indulged, as a token of Proserpine's favour,
To preside at her balls in a cream-coloured beaver.
Then, peace to his ashes — our grief be suppress,
Since we find such a phœnix has sprung from his nest:
Kind Heaven has sent us another professor,
Who follows the steps of his great predecessor.[16]

But hark! now they strike the melodious string,
The vaulted roof echoes, the mansions all ring;
At the sound of the hautboy, the bass, and the fiddle,
Sir Boreas Blubber steps forth in the middle,
Like a hollyhock, noble, majestic, and tall.
Sir Boreas Blubber first opens the ball, —
Sir Boreas, great in the minuet known,
Since the day that for dancing his talents were shewn,
Where the science is practised by gentlemen grown:
For in every science, in ev'ry profession,
We make the best progress at years of discretion.

How he puts on his hat, with a smile on his face,
And delivers his hand with an exquisite grace!
How genteelly he offers Miss Carrot before us,
Miss Carrot Fitz-Oozer, a niece of Lord Porus!
How nimbly he paces, how active and light!
One never can judge of a man at first sight;
But as near as I guess, from the size of his calf,
He may weigh about twenty-three stone and a half.
Now why should I mention a hundred or more,
Who went the same circle as others before,
To a tune that they play'd us a hundred times o'er?
See little Bob Jerom, old Chrysostom's son,
With a chitterlin shirt, and a buckle of stone,—[17]
What a cropt head of hair the young parson has on!
Emerged from his grizzle, th' unfortunate prig
Seems as if he was hunting all night for his wig,
Not perfectly pleased with the coat on his back,
Though the coat's a good coat, but alas! it is black.
With envious eyes he is doomed to behold
The captain's red suit, that's embroider'd with gold!

How seldom mankind are content with their lot!
Bob Jerom two very good livings has got;
Yet still he accuses his parents deceased,
For making a man of such spirit a priest.
Not so Master Marmozet, sweet little boy,
Mrs. Danglecub's hopes, her delight and her joy;
His pigeon-winged head was not drest quite so soon,
For it took up a barber the whole afternoon:
His jacket 's well laced, and the ladies protest
Master Marmozet dances as well as the best;
Yet some think the boy would be better at school;
But I hear Mrs. Danglecub 's not such a fool,
To send a poor thing with a spirit so meek,
To be flogged by a tyrant for Latin and Greek;
For why should a child of distinction and fashion
Lay a heap of such silly nonsensical trash in?
She wonders that parents to Eton should send
Five hundred great boobies their manners to mend,
When the master that left it (though no one objects
To his care of the boys in all other respects)

Was extremely remiss, for a sensible man,
In never contriving some elegant plan
For improving their persons, and shewing them how
To hold up their heads and to make a good bow;
When they 've got such a charming long room for a ball,
Where the scholars might practise, and masters and all:
But what is much worse, that no parent would choose,
He burnt all their ruffles, and cut off their queues:
So he quitted the school with the utmost disgrace,
And just such another 's come into his place.
She says that her son will his fortune advance
By learning so early to fiddle and dance;
So she brings him to Bath, which I think is quite right,
For they do nothing else here from morning till night:

And this is a lesson all parents should know,
To train up a child in the way he should go;
For, as Solomon says, you may safely uphold,
He ne'er will depart from the same when he 's old.
No doubt she 's a woman of fine understanding,
Her air and her presence there 's something so grand in —
So wise and discreet; and, to give her her due,
Dear mother, she 's just such a woman as you.

But who is that bombasin lady so gay,
So profuse of her beauties, in sable array?
How she rests on her heel, how she turns out her toe,
How she pulls down her stays, with her head up, to shew
Her lily-white bosom that rivals the snow!
'Tis the widow Quicklackit, whose husband last week,
Poor Stephen, went suddenly forth in a pique,
And pushed off his boat for the Stygian creek:

Poor Stephen! he never returned from the bourn,
But left the disconsolate widow to mourn.
Three times did she faint when she heard of the news—
Six days did she weep, and all comfort refuse;
But Stephen, no sorrow, no tears can recall—
So she hallows the seventh, and comes to the ball.

For music, sweet music, has charms to control,
And tune up each passion that ruffles the soul!
What things have I read, and what stories been told,
Of feats that were done by musicians of old!
I 've heard a whole city was built from the ground
By magical numbers and musical sound;
And here it can build a good house in the square,
Or raise up a church where the godly repair.
I saw, t' other day, in a *thing called an ode*,
As it lay in a snug little house on the road,
How Saul was restored, though his sorrow was sharp,
When David, the Bethlemite, played on the harp:

'T was music that brought a man's wife from Old
Nick,
And at Bath has the power to recover the sick :
Thus a lady was cured t' other day.—But 'tis time
To seal up my letter, and finish my rhyme.

Bath, 1766. S—— B—N—R—D.

LETTER XII.

MR. SIMPKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT —— HALL, NORTH.

A Modern Head-dress, with a little Polite Conversation.

WHAT base and unjust accusations we find
Arise from the malice and spleen of mankind!
One would hope, my dear mother, that scandal would spare
The tender, the helpless, and delicate fair;
But alas! the sweet creatures all find it the case
That Bath is a very censorious place.
Would you think that a person I met since I came,
(I hope you 'll excuse my concealing his name)
A splenetic, ill-natured fellow, before
A room-full of very good company, swore

That, in spite of appearance, 'twas very well known,
Their hair and their faces were none of their own;
And thus, without wit, or the least provocation,
Began an impertinent formal oration:
" Shall Nature thus lavish her beauties in vain,
For art and nonsensical fashion to stain?
The fair Jezebella what art can adorn,
Whose cheeks are like roses that blush in the morn?
As bright were her locks as in heaven are seen
Presented for stars by th' Egyptian queen;
But alas! the sweet nymph they no longer must deck,
No more shall they flow o'er her ivory neck;
Those tresses which Venus might take as a favour,
Fall a victim at once to an outlandish shaver:
Her head has he robbed, with as little remorse
As a fox-hunter crops both his dogs and his horse—
A wretch that, so far from repenting his theft,
Makes a boast of tormenting the little that 's left:

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And first at her porcupine head he begins
To fumble and poke with his irons and pins,
Then fires all his crackers with horrid grimace,
And puffs his vile Rocambol breath in her face,
Discharging a steam that the devil would choke,
From paper, pomatum, from powder and smoke;
The patient submits, and with due resignation
Prepares for her fate in the next operation.
When lo! on a sudden, a monster appears,
A horrible monster, to cover her ears;—
What sign of the Zodiac is it he bears?
Is it Taurus's tail, or the *tête de mouton,*
Or the beard of the goat, that he dares to put on?
'Tis a wig *en vergette,* that from Paris was brought,
Une tête comme il faut, that the varlet has bought
Of a beggar, whose head he has shaved for a groat.
Now fixed to her head, does he frizzle and dab it;
'Tis a foretop no more,—'tis the skin of a rabbit,—
'Tis a muff,—'tis a thing that by all is confest
Is in colour and shape like a chaffinch's nest.[18]

" O cease, ye fair virgins, such pains to employ,
The beauties of nature with paint to destroy;
See Venus lament, see the Loves and the Graces
All pine at the injury done to your faces!
Ye have eyes, lips, and nose, but your heads are
no more
Than a doll's that is placed at a milliner's door!"

I 'm ashamed to repeat what he said in the sequel,
Aspersions so cruel as nothing can equal!
I declare I am shocked such a fellow should vex,
And spread all these lies of the innocent sex,
For whom, while I live, I will make protestation
I 've the highest esteem and profound veneration:
I never so strange an opinion will harbour,
That they buy all the hair they have got of a barber;
Nor ever believe that such beautiful creatures
Can have any delight in abusing their features.
One thing though I wonder at much, I confess, is
The appearance they make in their different dresses;

For indeed they look very much like apparitions
When they come in the morning to hear the musicians;
And some I am apt to mistake, at first sight,
For the mothers of those I have seen over night:
It shocks me to see them look paler than ashes,
And as dead in the eye as the busto of Nash is,[19]
Who the evening before were so blooming and plump:
I 'm grieved to the heart when I go to the pump;
For I take every morning a sup of the water,
Just to hear what is passing, and see what they 're a'ter;
For I 'm told the discourses of persons refined
Are better than books for improving the mind;
But a great deal of judgment 's required in the skimming
The polite conversation of sensible women,
For they come to the pump, as before I was saying,
And talk all at once while the music is playing!

" Your servant, Miss Fitchet." " Good morning,
Miss Stote."
" My dear Lady Riggledum, how is your throat?
Your ladyship knows that I sent you a scrawl
Last night, to attend at your ladyship's call,
But I hear that your ladyship went to the ball."
" Oh Fitchet, don't ask me—good heavens,
preserve—
I wish there was no such a thing as a nerve;
Half dead all the night, I protest and declare;—
My dear little Fitchet, who dresses your hair?
You 'll come to the rooms, all the world will be there.
Sir Toby Mac Negus is going to settle
His tea-drinking night with Sir Philip O'Kettle."
" I hear that they both have appointed the same;
The majority think that Sir Philip's to blame;
I hope they won't quarrel, they 're both in a flame:
Sir Toby Mac Negus much spirit has got,
And Sir Philip O'Kettle is apt to be hot."

" Have you read the Bath Guide, that ridiculous
poem?
What a scurrilous author! Does nobody know him?"
" Young Billy Penwaggle and Simius Chatter
Declare 'tis an ill-natured half-witted satire."
" You know I'm engaged, my dear creature, with you
And Mrs. Pamtickle, this morning at loo;
Poor thing! tho' she hobbled last night to the ball,
To-day she's so lame that she hardly can crawl—
Major Lignum has trod on the first joint of her toe;—
That thing they played last was a charming
concerto,
I don't recollect I have heard it before;
The minuet's good, but the jig I adore;
Pray speak to Sir Toby to cry out *encore.*"
Dear mother, I think this is excellent fun;
But if all I must write, I should never have done,
So myself I subscribe your most dutiful son,

Bath, 1766. S—— B—N—R—D.

LETTER XIII.

MR. SIMPKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

A Public Breakfast—Motives for the same—A List of the Company—A Tender Scene—An Unfortunate Incident.

WHAT blessings attend, my dear mother, all those
Who to crowds of admirers their persons expose!
Do the gods such a noble ambition inspire,
Or gods do we make of each ardent desire?
O, generous passion! 'tis your's to afford
The splendid assembly, the plentiful board;
To thee do I owe such a breakfast this morn
As I ne'er saw before, since the hour I was born;
'T was you made my Lord Ragamuffin come here,
Who they say has been lately created a peer,—

And to-day, with extreme complaisance and
respect, asked
All the people at Bath to a general breakfast.

You 've heard of my Lady Bunbutter, no doubt,
How she loves an *assembly, fandango,* or *rout;*
No lady in London is half so expert
At a snug private party her friends to divert;
But they say that of late she 's grown sick of
the town,
And often to Bath condescends to come down:
Her ladyship's favourite house is the *Bear;*
Her chariot, and servants, and horses, are there.
My Lady declares that *retiring* is good,
As all with a separate maintenance should;
For when you have put out the conjugal fire,
'Tis time for all sensible folk to retire;
If Hymen no longer his fingers will scorch,
Little Cupid for others can whip in his torch;

So pert is he grown, since the custom began
To be married and parted as quick as you can.
Now my Lord had the honour of coming down post,
To pay his respects to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her Ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
I 'm sure he 's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves and a weak constitution;
For he carried us all to a place cross the river,
And vow'd that the rooms were too hot for his liver:
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat.[20]
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain;
For sure such confusion was never yet known;
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown;
While his Lordship, embroidered and powdered all o'er,
Was bowing and handing the ladies a-shore:

How the misses did huddle, and scuddle, and run!
One would think to be wet must be very good fun;
For by waggling their tails, they all seemed to take pains
To moisten their pinions, like ducks when it rains;
And 'twas pretty to see how, like birds of a feather,
The people of quality flocked all together;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just the same as those animals are in a pond.
You 've read all their names in the news, I suppose,
But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes:

There was Lady Greasewrister,
And Madam Van Twister,
Her Ladyship's sister;
Lord Cram, and Lord Vulter,
Sir Brandish O'Culter,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And old Lady Mouzer,

And the great Hanoverian Baron Pansmowzer:

Besides many others, who all in the rain went,
On purpose to honour this great entertainment.
The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance;
All the chocolate, too, that my Lord set before 'em,
The ladies despatched with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horn's and the clarion's echoing sound:
Sweet were the strains, as od'rous gales that blow
O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow.
The peer was quite ravished, while close to his side
Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!
Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture surveyed
All the powerful charms she so nobly displayed,
As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breathed heavenly measures;
The prince was in pain,
And could not contain,

While Thais was sitting beside him;
But, before all his peers,
Was for shaking the spheres,
Such goods the kind gods did provide him.

Grew bolder and bolder,
And cocked up his shoulder,
Like the son of great Jupiter Ammon,
Till at length, quite opprest,
He sunk on her breast,
And lay there as dead as a salmon.

O had I a voice that was stronger than steel,
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my Lord made to Lady Bunbutter!
So polite all the time that he ne'er touched a bit,
While she ate up his rolls, and applauded his wit:
For they tell me that men of *true taste*, when they treat,
Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat;

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And if that be the fashion, I never will give
Any grand entertainment as long as I live;
For I 'm of opinion 'tis proper to cheer
The stomach and bowels as well as the ear.
Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table:
I freely will own, I the muffins preferred
To all the genteel conversation I heard;
E'en though I 'd the honour of sitting between
My Lady Stuff-damask and Peggy Moreen,
Who both flew to Bath in the *nightly* machine.
Cries Peggy, "This place is enchantingly pretty;
We never can see such a thing in the city:
You may spend all your lifetime in Cateaton-street,
And never so civil a gentleman meet:
You may talk what you please, you may search
London through,
You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almanac's too;
And I 'll give you my head if you find such a host,
For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast.

How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life!"
"These horns," cries my Lady, "so tickle one's ear,
Lard! what would I give that Sir Simon was here!
To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,
For I find here are folks one may venture to know:
Sir Simon would gladly his Lordship attend,
And my Lord would be pleased with so cheerful a friend."

So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week past,
I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng
Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along;
For his Lordship was pleased that the company now
To my Lady Bunbutter should courtesy and bow:
And my Lady was pleased too, and seemed vastly proud
At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd.

And when, like Chaldeans, we all had adored
This beautiful image set up by my Lord,
Some few insignificant folk went away,
Just to follow th' employments and calls of the day;
But those who knew better their time how to spend,
The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.
Miss Clunch and Sir Toby performed a *cotillon*,
Just the same as our Susan and Bob the postilion;
All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,
That her daughter the morning so well could employ.

— Now why should the Muse, my dear mother, relate
The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great?
As homeward we came — 'tis with sorrow you 'll hear
What a dreadful disaster attended the Peer:
For whether some envious god had decreed
That a Naiad should long to ennoble the breed;

Or whether his Lordship was charmed to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old;
In handing old Lady Bumfidgit and daughter,
This obsequious Lord tumbled into the water;
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the boat,
And I left all the ladies a-cleaning his coat.

Thus the feast was concluded, as far as I hear,
To the great satisfaction of all that were there.
O may he give breakfasts as long as he stays,
For I ne'er ate a better in all my born days!
In haste I conclude, &c. &c. &c.

Bath, 1766. S—— B—N—R—D.

LETTER XIV.

MISS PRUDENCE B—N—R—D TO LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS,
AT —— CASTLE, NORTH.

Miss Prudence B—n—r—d informs Lady Betty that she has been elected to Methodism by a Vision.

HEARKEN, Lady Betty, hearken,
To the dismal news I tell,
How your friends are all embarking
For the fiery gulf of hell.

Brother Simpkin's grown a rake-hell,
Cards and dances every day;
Jenny laughs at tabernacle,
Tabby Runt is gone astray.

Blessed I, though once rejected,
Like a little wandering sheep,
Who this morning was elected
By a vision in my sleep:

For I dreamed an apparition
Came, like Roger, from above;
Saying,—By divine commission,
I must fill you full of love.

Just with Roger's head of hair on,
Roger's mouth and pious smile;
Sweet, methinks, as beard of Aaron
Dropping down with holy oil.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Come again, then, apparition,
Finish what thou hast begun;
Roger, stay, thou soul's physician,
I with thee my race will run.

Faith her chariot has appointed,
Now we 're stretching for the goal;
All the wheels with grace anointed,
Up to heaven to drive my soul.

The Editor, for many reasons, begs to be excused giving the public the sequel of this young lady's letter; but if the reader will please to look into the Bishop of Exeter's book, entitled, "The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared," he will find many instances, (particularly of young people) who have been elected in the manner above.—*Original Note.*

LETTER XV.

MR. SIMPKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

Serious Reflections of Mr. B—n—r—d. — His Bill of Expenses. — The Distresses of the Family. — A Farewell to Bath.

ALAS, my dear mother, our evil and good
By few is distinguished, by few understood!
How oft are we doomed to repent at the end
The events that our pleasantest prospects attend!
As Solon declared, in the last scene alone,
All the joys of our life, all our sorrows are known.
When first I came hither, for vapours and wind,
To cure all distempers, and study mankind,
How little I dreamed of the tempest behind!

I never once thought what a furious blast,
What storms of distress would o'erwhelm me at last.
How wretched am I! what a fine declamation
Might be made on the subject of my situation!
I 'm a fable!—an instance!—and serve to dispense
An example to all men of spirit and sense,
To all men of fashion, and all men of wealth,
Who come to this place to recover their health:
For my means are so small, and my bills are so large,
I ne'er can come home till you send a discharge.
Let the Muse speak the cause, if a Muse yet remain
To supply me with rhymes, and express all my pain.

Paid bells and musicians,
Drugs, nurse, and physicians,
Balls, raffles, subscriptions, and chairs;
Wigs, gowns, skins, and trimming,
Good books for the women,
Plays, concerts, tea, negus, and prayers.

Paid the following schemes,
Of all who it seems
Make charity-business their care:
A gamester decayed,
And a prudish old maid
By gayety brought to despair;

A fiddler of note,
Who, for lace on his coat,
To his tailor was much in arrears;
An author of merit,
Who wrote with such spirit
The pillory took off his ears.

A sum, my dear mother, far heavier yet,
Captain Cormorant won when I learned lansquenet;
Two hundred I paid him, and five am in debt.
For the five I had nothing to do but to write;
For the Captain was very well-bred and polite,

And took, as he saw my expenses were great,
My bond, to be paid on the Clodpole estate;
And asks nothing more, while the money is lent,
Than interest paid him at twenty per cent.
But I 'm shocked to relate what distresses befall
Miss Jenny, my sister, and Tabby and all:
Miss Jenny, poor thing, from this Bath expedition,
Was in hopes very soon to have changed her condition:
But rumour has brought certain things to her ear,
Which I ne'er will believe, yet am sorry to hear:
"That the Captain, her lover, her dear Romeo,
Was banished the army a great while ago;
That his friends and his foes he alike can betray,
And picks up a scandalous living by play."
But if e'er I could think that the Captain had cheated,
Or my dear cousin Jenny unworthily treated,
By all that is sacred I swear, for his pains
I 'd cudgel him first, and then blow out his brains.

For the man I abhor like the devil, dear mother,
Who one thing conceals, and professes another.

O how shall we know the right way to pursue?—
Do the ills of mankind from religion accrue?
Religion, designed to relieve all our care,
Has brought my poor sister to grief and despair;
Now she talks of damnation, and screws up her face,
Then prates about Roger and spiritual grace:
Her senses, alas! seem at once gone astray—
No pen can describe it, no letter convey.

But the man without sin, that Moravian Rabbi,
Has perfectly cured the chlorosis of Tabby;
And if right I can judge from her shape and her face,
She soon may produce him an infant of grace.

Now they say that all people in our situation
Are very fine subjects for regeneration;

But I think, my dear mother, the best we can do,
Is to pack up our all, and return back to you.

Farewell then, ye streams!
Ye poetical themes!
Sweet fountains for curing the spleen!
I 'm grieved to the heart
Without cash to depart,
And quit this adorable scene!
Where gaming and grace
Each other embrace,
Dissipation and piety meet:—
May all who 've a notion
Of cards or devotion,
Make Bath their delightful retreat!

Bath, 1766. S—— B—N—R—D.

EPILOGUE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION:

CONTAINING

Criticisms, and the Guide's Conversation with three Ladies of Piety, Learning, and Discretion.

A Letter to Miss Jenny W—d—r at Bath, from Lady Eliz. M—d—ss, her Friend in the Country, a young Lady of neither Fashion, Taste, nor Spirit.

The Conversation continued.—Their Ladyships' Receipt for a Novel.—The Ghost of Mr. Quin.

EPILOGUE:

CONTAINING

Criticisms, and the Guide's Conversation with three Ladies of Piety, Learning, and Discretion.

THERE are who complain that my verse is severe,
And what is much worse—that my book is too dear:
The ladies protest that I keep no decorum
In setting such patterns of folly before 'em:
Some cannot conceive what the Guide is about,
With names so unmeaning to make such a rout.
Lady Dorothy Scrawl would engage to bespeak
A hundred such things to be made in a week:
Madam Shuffledumdoo, more provoking than that,
Has sold your poor Guide for two fish and a mat;
A sweet medium paper, a book of fine size,
And a print that I hoped would have suited her eyes.

And another good lady, of delicate taste,
Cries, "Fie! Mr. Bookseller, bring me some paste;
I 'll close up this leaf, or my daughter will skim
The cream of that vile methodistical hymn."—
Then stuck me down fast—so unfit was my page
To meet the chaste eyes of this virtuous age.

GUIDE.

O spare me, good Madam, it goes to my heart
With my sweet methodistical letter to part.
Away with your paste! 'tis exceedingly hard
Thus to torture and cramp an unfortunate bard:
How my Muse will be shocked, when she 's just
taking flight,
To find that her pinions are fastened so tight!

FIRST LADY.

Why you know, beyond reason and decency too,
Beyond all respect to religion that 's due,
Your dirty satirical work you pursue.

I very well know whom you meant to affront
In the pictures of Prudence and Tabitha Runt.

GUIDE.

Indeed, my good ladies, religion and virtue
Are things that I never designed any hurt to.
All poets and painters, as Horace agrees,
May copy from nature what figures they please;
Nor blame the poor poet, or painter, if you
In verse or on canvass your likeness should view.
I hope you don't think I would write a lampoon;
I 'd be hanged at the foot of Parnassus as soon.

SECOND LADY.

Prithee don't talk to me of your Horace and Flaccus,
When you come like an impudent wretch to attack us. [rhyme
What 's Parnassus to you? Take away but your
And the strains of the bellman are full as sublime.

THIRD LADY.

Dost think that such stuff as thou writ'st upon
Tabby
Will procure thee a busto in Westminster Abbey?

GUIDE.

'Tis true, on Parnassus I never did dream,
Nor e'er did I taste of sweet Helicon's stream:
My share of the fountain I 'll freely resign
To those who are better beloved by the Nine:
Give bustos to poets of higher renown,
I ne'er was ambitious in marble to frown:
Give laurels to those, from the god of the lyre
Who catch the bright spark of ethereal fire;
Who, skilled every passion at will to impart,
Can play round the head while they steal to the heart;
Who, taught by Apollo to guide the bold steed,
Know when to give force, when to temper his speed;
My nerves all forsake me, my voice he disdains,
When he rattles his pinions, no more hears the reins,

But through the bright ether sublimely he goes,
Nor earth, air, or ocean, or mountains oppose.
For me 'tis enough that my toil I pursue,
Like the bee drinking sweets that exhale from the dew,
Content if Melpomene joins to my lay
One tender soft strain of melodious Gray;
Thrice happy in your approbation alone,
If the following ode for my hymn can atone.

A LETTER

TO MISS JENNY W—D—R, AT BATH, FROM LADY ELIZABETH M—D—SS, HER FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY, A YOUNG LADY OF NEITHER FASHION, TASTE, NOR SPIRIT.

Oft I 've invoked th' Aonian quire,
And Phœbus oft in vain,
Like thee, my friend, to tune my lyre,
Like thee to raise my strain :

And when, of late, I sought their aid,
The flowery bank beside,
Methought, along the silent glade
I heard a voice, that cried —

Mistaken maid! why idly waste
Your hours in fruitless toil?
You ne'er the hallowed brook can taste,
Or tread poetic soil.

For since your friend pursues the path
Where wit and pleasure reigns,
With her has fled each Muse to Bath,
From these neglected plains.

There many a bard 's inspired with song,
With epigram, and ode;
And *one*, the meanest of the throng,
Takes satire's thorny road.

For him Bath's injured genius now
The hemlock juice prepares,
And deadly nightshade o'er his brow
For laurel wreaths he wears.

Him, like the Thracian bard, shall curse
Each nymph, each angry dame;
Though far inferior be his verse,
His hapless fate the same.

Torn be the wretch, whose impious strains
Profaned their beauty's pride,
No muse to gather his remains
That flow down Avon's tide;

But him shall many a drone pursue
That hums around the stream;
Him frantic priests, an insect crew
That cloud Light's heavenly beam.

Then, lest his destiny you share,
Rash nymph, thy strains give o'er!
Be warned by me, of rhyme beware!"—
The voice was heard no more.

Yet though I cease my artless lay,
Nor longer court the Nine,
This faithful tribute will I pay
At friendship's sacred shrine.

Here will I offer incense sweet,
Here light the hallowed fires;
And oh! with kind acceptance meet
What true regard inspires.

Nor let my friendly verse offend
That poor deluded maid,*
Whose *faith* I ne'er can comprehend,
Or *grace* in dreams conveyed.

May no such *grace* my thoughts employ,
Nor I with envy view
Those scenes of dissipated joy,
So well described by you.

* Miss Prudence B—n—r—d.

Think not a parent's harsh decrees
From me those scenes withhold;
His soft request can ne'er displease
Who ne'er my joys controll'd.

But pining years, opprest with grief,
My tender care demand;
The bed of sickness asks relief
From my supporting hand.

Well do I know how sorrow preys,
E'er since the hour that gave
The partner of his happier days
To seek the silent grave.

In that sad hour my lips she prest,
Bedewed with many a tear;
And "Take," she cried, "this last bequest,
A dying mother's prayer.

O let the maxims I convey
Sink deep into thy breast,
When I no more direct thy way,
Retired to endless rest.

Look on thy aged father's wo!
'Tis thine to soothe his pain;
With Grace like this, Religion shew,
And thus her cause maintain.

Nor is 't enough that Grace displays,
Or Faith her light divine;
In all thy works, in all thy ways,
Let heavenly Virtue shine.

O! may the Fountain of all truth
Each perfect gift impart,
With Innocence protect thy youth,
With Hope support thy heart!

So may'st thou learn thyself to know,
Of all extremes beware,
Nor find in age thy cup o'erflow
With shame, remorse, and care:

Then shall no madmen light reveal;
No visionary priest,
With falsehood, ignorance, and zeal,
Torment thy peaceful breast:

Then shall no fears thy soul distress,
Religion's doubts shall cease;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."

Such were the truths, ere lost in death,
Her parting voice conveyed;
Such may I keep till latest breath,
Thou dear, lamented shade!

What though no Muse will deign, my friend,
My homely joys to tell;
Though Fashion ne'er will condescend
To seek this humble cell;

Yet freedom, peace, and mind serene,
Which modish life disdains,
(Perpetual sweets!) enrich the scene
Where conscious virtue reigns.

Blest scenes! such unrepented joys,
Such true delights ye give,
Remote from fashion, vice, and noise,
Contented let me live.

ELIZ. MODELESS.

The Conversation continued.—The Ladies' Receipt for a Novel.—The Ghost of Mr. Quin.

GUIDE.

Now I hope that this letter from young Lady Betty
Will be reckoned exceedingly decent and pretty;
That you, my good ladies, who ne'er could endure
A hymn so ineffably vile and impure,
My indelicate Muse will no longer bewail,
Since a sweet little moral is pinned to her tail:
If not, as so kindly I 'm tutored by you,
Pray tell a poor poet what 's proper to do?

FIRST LADY.

Why if thou must write, thou had'st better compose
Some novels, or elegant letters in prose.
Take a subject that 's grave, with a moral that 's good,
Throw in all the temptations that virtue withstood,
In epistles like Pamela's, chaste and devout,—
A book that my family 's never without.

SECOND LADY.

O! pray let your hero be handsome and young,
Taste, wit, and fine sentiment, flow from his tongue;
His delicate feelings be sure to improve
With passion, with tender soft rapture, and love.

THIRD LADY.

Add some incidents, too, which I like above measure,
Such as those which I 've heard are esteemed as a treasure
In a book that 's entirely devoted to pleasure.
Mix well, and you 'll find 't will a novel produce,
Fit for modest young ladies—so keep it for use.

GUIDE.

Damnation! (*aside*)—Well, ladies, I'll do what I can;
And ye 'll bind it, I hope, with your Duty of Man.

* * * * *

Guide mutters.] *Take a subject that 's grave, with a moral that 's good!*

* * * * *

Thus musing, I wandered in splenetic mood
Where the languid old Cam rolls his willowy flood ;[21]
When lo ! beneath the poplar's glimmering shade,
Along the stream where trembling osiers played,
What time the bat, low flitting, skims the ground,
When beetles buzz, when gnats are felt around,
And hoarser frogs their amorous descant sound—
Sweet scenes ! that heavenly contemplation give,
And oft in musical description live !—
When now the moon's refulgent rays begin
O'er twilight groves to spread their mantle thin,
Sudden arose the awful form of Quin ;
A form that bigger than the life appeared,
And head like Patagonian hero reared.
Aghast I stood ; when, lo ! with mild command,
And looks of courtesy, he waved his hand,
Me to the embowering grove's dark path conveyed,
And thus began the venerable shade : —

Forth from Elysium's blest abodes I come,
Regions of joy, where fate has fixed my doom:
Look on my face—I well remember thine:
Thou knew'st me too, when erst in life's decline
At Bath I dwelt—there late reposed mine age,
And unrepining left this mortal stage;
Yet do those scenes, once conscious of delight,
Rejoice my social ghost!—there oft by night
I hold my way;
And from the *mullet* and the savoury *jole*
Catch fragrant fumes, that still regale my soul:
Sweet Bath! which thou these dreary banks along,
Oft mak'st the subject of thy wayward song.[22]

GUIDE.

O spare me, blest spirit——

GHOST.

Quit thy vain fears; I come not to accuse
The motley labours of thy mirthful Muse,

For well I ween, if rightly understood,
Thy themes are pleasant, and thy moral good.
Oft have I read the laughter-moving phrase
And splayfoot measures of thy Simpkin's lays;
Nor aught indecent or obscene I find,
That virtue wounds, or taints the virgin's mind:
Beware of that—O! why should I describe
What ills await the caitiff scribbling tribe?
First see the mob who novels lewd dispense,
The bane of virtue, modesty, and sense:
Next that infernal crew, detractors base,
Who pen lampoons—true satire's foul disgrace:
Nor less the punishment in realms below
For those who praise unmerited bestow;
Those pimps in science, who, with dulness bold,
The sacred Muses prostitute for gold:
Those, too, whom zeal to pious wrath inclines,
Pedantic, proud, polemical divines:
Bad critics last, whom Rhadamanth severe
Chastises first, then condescends to hear:

All, all in fiery Phlegethon must stay,
Till gall, and ink, and dirt, of scribbling day,
In purifying flames are purged away.

GUIDE.

O trust me, blest spirit, I ne'er would offend
One innocent virgin, one virtuous friend;
From nature alone are my characters drawn,
From little Bob Jerom to bishops in lawn;
Sir Boreas Blubber, and such stupid faces,
Are at London, at Bath, and at all public places;
And if to Newmarket I chance to repair,
'Tis odds but I see Captain Cormorant there:
But he who his cash on physicians bestows,
Meets a tight little doctor wherever he goes.

GHOST.

'Tis true, such insects as thy tale has shewn
Breathe not the atmosphere of Bath alone,

Though there, in gayety's meridian ray,
Vain fools, like flies, their gaudy wings display;
Awhile they flutter, but, their sunshine past,
Their fate, like Simpkin, they lament at last.
Worse ills succeed; oft superstition's gloom
Sheds baneful influence o'er their youthful bloom—
Such Heaven avert from fair Britannia's plains,
To realms where bigotry and slavery reigns!
No more of that.—But say, thou tim'rous bard,
Claim not the Wines of Bath thy just regard?
Where oft, I ween, the brewer's cauldron flows
With elder's mawkish juice and puckering sloes;
Cider and hot Geneva they combine,
Then call the fatal composition Wine.
By Cerberus I swear, not those vile crews
Who vend their pois'nous medicines by the news,
For means of death, air, earth, and seas explore,
Have sent such numbers to the Stygian shore.

Shun thou such base potations: oft I 've thought
My span was shortened by the noxious draught;
But soft, my friend!—is this the soil, the clime,
That teaches Granta's tuneful sons to rhyme?
On me unsavoury vapours seem to fix,
Worse than Cocytus or the pools of Styx;
Inspired by fogs of this slow-winding Cam,
O say, does —— presume thy strains to damn?
Heed not that miscreant's tongue, pursue thy ways
Regardless of his censure or his praise.

GUIDE.

But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,
Should condemn me for printing a second edition;
If good Madam Squintum my work should abuse,
May I venture to give her a smack of my Muse?

GHOST.

By all manner of means: if thou find'st that the case,
Though she cant, whine, and pray, never mind her grimace,
Take the mask from her d-mned hypocritical face.

GUIDE.

Come on then, ye Muses, I 'll laugh down my day,
In spite of them all will I carol my lay;
But perish my voice, and untuned be my lyre,
If my verse one indelicate thought shall inspire:
Ye angels! who watch o'er the slumbering fair,
Protect their sweet dreams, make their virtue your care!
Bear witness, yon moon, the chaste empress of night!
Yon stars, that diffuse the pure heavenly light!
How oft have I mourned that such blame should accrue
From one wicked letter of pious Miss Prue!

May this lazy stream, who to Granta bestows
Philosophical slumbers and learned repose—
To Granta, sweet Granta, (where, studious of ease,
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees;*)
May this drowsy current (as oft he is wont)
O'erflow all my hay, may my dogs never hunt,—
May those ills to torment me, those curses conspire,
Which so oft plague and crush an unfortunate 'squire,—
Some mayor to cajole me, some lawyer to chouse,
For a seven-months' seat in the parliament-house,
There to finish my nap, for the good of the nation,
'Wake—frank—and be thanked—by the whole corporation;—
Then a poor tenant come, when my cash is all spent,
With a bag-full of *tax-bills* to pay me his rent;—

* *Vide* University Register, Proctor's Books, &c.—*Original Note.* (See Preface.—EDITOR.)

And O! may some demon, those plagues to complete,
Give me taste to improve an old family-seat
By lawning a hundred good acres of wheat:—[23]
Such ills be my portion, and others much worse,
If slander or calumny poison my verse,—
If ever my well-behaved Muse shall appear
Indecently droll—unpolitely severe.

Good ladies, uncensured, Bath's pleasures pursue,
May the springs of old Bladud your graces renew!
I never shall mingle with gall the pure stream,
But make your examples and virtue my theme:
Nor fear, ye sweet virgins, that aught I shall speak
To call the chaste blush o'er your innocent cheek:
O! frown not, if haply your poet once more
Should seek the delightful Avonian shore,
Where oft he the winter's dull season beguiles,
Drinks health, life, and joy, from your heavenly smiles.

TO THE GHOST.

For thee, who, to visit these regions of spleen,
Deign'st to quit the sweet vales of perpetual green,
Forsake, happy shade, this Bœotian air,
Fly hence,— to Elysium's pure ether repair,—
Rowe, Dryden, and Otway — thy Shakspeare is there:
There Thomson, poor Thomson, ingenuous bard,
Shall equal thy friendship, thy kindness reward,—
Thy praise in mellifluous numbers prolong,
Who cherished his Muse and gave life to his song.
And O! may thy genius, blest spirit, impart
To me the same virtues that glowed in thy heart,—
To me, with thy talents convivial, give
The art to enjoy the short time I shall live;
Give manly, give rational mirth to my soul,
O'er the social sweet joys of the full-flowing bowl!
So ne'er may vile scribblers thy memory stain,
Thy forcible wit may no blockheads profane,
Thy faults be forgotten, thy virtues remain.

Farewell! may the turf where thy cold relics rest
Bear herbs, odoriferous herbs, o'er thy breast,
Their heads, thyme and sage, and pot-marjoram
wave,
And fat be the gander that feeds on thy grave!

Notes.

ANECDOTICAL ANNOTATIONS.

NOTE I. PAGE 3.

Pine-clad mountain's side.

THE stranger to Bath must not consider the city as environed with *mountains*, because the poet thinks proper to employ the term. "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, the prophet can go to the mountain;" and if the proper word, *hill*, does not suit the *lofty* genius of the bard, or the measure of his verse, he can easily change it to a more mighty eminence. Technical topography is a sort of straight-waistcoat to poetry. To the east, south, and north of Bath are the steep hills of Claverton, Beechencliff, and Lansdowne, the slopes of which are clad with a variety of pine and other trees.

NOTE II. PAGE 10.

At the sign of the Bear.

In Anstey's time, and till the end of the last century, the *Bear Inn*, facing Stall Street, and on the site of the present Union Street, was the chief house in Bath for carriage company. Stage-coaches, then called "machines" and "diligences," were few, and not much calculated for either expeditious or pleasant

journeys. Even so late as 1804, the writer of this note travelled from London to Derry Hill — a place between Chippenham and Calne — on his road to Bath, in a four-wheeled, lumbering carriage — a *mulish* vehicle, between a broad-wheel waggon and a stage coach, in company with ten inside, sixteen outside, including guard and coachman, and with luggage piled up full six feet above the roof. This compact but discordant mass of live and dead lumber, regularly booked, but not legally insured, left London about three o'clock in the afternoon, and was broken down at Derry Hill at nine o'clock the following morning, having moved over about ninety miles of ground in eighteen hours. The smash was tremendous — the screams— the groans—the exclamations —the curses—and the prayers of twenty-six persons, were various, discordant, and even ludicrous, but distressing. Some suffered severely, some trivially, and others not at all. The note-ist and two other persons walked to Chippenham, about two miles distant—hired a post-chaise, drove to Bath, and compelled the coach proprietor to pay for the same. Other passengers were confined for some weeks at the White Hart Inn, Chippenham, by bruises or broken limbs. To the writer this was a trivial, pleasant incident, when compared with another which he had to encounter on reaching Bath. There he saw a dear sister in the last stage of consumption — a state appalling and awful to the observer, but of serene resignation to

the sufferers. One came with all his feelings strong, acute, and new, to the scene,—the other had declined gradually, imperceptibly, and was resigned.

The Bear Inn is thus described by the inimitable Smollett, in his veritable history, *Humphrey Clinker*. In the person of Matthew Bramble, the author delineated many of his own peculiarities of sentiment, temper, and manners. Speaking of Bath, about 1771, five years after the appearance of the *New Bath Guide*, he says—"The square, though irregular, is on the whole pretty well laid out, spacious and airy; and, in my opinion, by far the most wholesome and agreeable situation in Bath, especially the upper side of it; but the avenues to it are mean, dirty, dangerous, and indirect. Its communication with the baths is through the yard of an inn, (the *Bear*), where the poor, trembling valetudinarian is carried in a chair, betwixt the heels of a double row of horses, wincing under the currycombs of grooms and postilions, over and above the hazard of being obstructed or overturned by the carriages which are continually making their exits or their entrances. I suppose, after some chairmen have been maimed, and a few lives lost by those accidents, the corporation will think, in earnest, about providing a more safe and commodious passage."

Not many years after that account was written, the Bear, was floored, his den was razed, and his keepers were dispersed.

A wide and respectable street was formed on the spot, and thus, not only a safe, but a pleasant avenue was opened from the fashionable to the trading part of the city, to the baths, pump-room, &c. The families of the modern B—n—r—d's have now a choice of inns and *hotels* either to "put up at," or to be "*taken in*" by. There are the Lion, and the Lamb;—the White Hart, and the Greyhound;—the Angel, and the Castle; and last, or rather first in rank, in extent, and in charges, the York House, where every comfort and luxury may be purchased and enjoyed. Matthew Bramble would perhaps grumble, and say, "even pleasure may be too *dearly* bought."

NOTE III. PAGE 11.

At Devizes I fed pretty hearty.

Devizes, a large and respectable town of Wiltshire, like Bath, then had, and now has, the *Bear Inn*, which is justly noted in the annals of the fine arts, as the juvenile home, though not the birth-place, of *Sir Thomas Lawrence*, the President of the Royal Academy of England. When quite a child, he wielded the pencil to the gratification of his fond parents, and to the astonishment of many travelling visitants. Endowed with genius of the first class, and impelled by a laudable determination to excel in the high career of art which he embraced, he outstripped all his compeers in the race of fame, and

obtained the presidential chair as a reward. His bright and brilliant example may be referred to as an incentive to all the sons and daughters of emulation. There is no profession in this highly-civilised country, which holds out stronger temptations to the aspiring mind than that of the painter. Industry, integrity, and laudable zeal, have rarely, perhaps never yet, been unrewarded; and in the present age, they command the patronage of the great, and the esteem of the good. Many of the members of the Royal Academy have gloriously risen from comparative indigence and obscurity to wealth and fame. Whilst the crowned heads of Europe crave their company and employ their talents, the most learned and intellectual classes of society admire and applaud the powers they display. It may be safely said, that no artist in the world has painted the portraits of so many royal and illustrious personages as Sir Thomas Lawrence.

When the above paragraph was written, the subject of it was occupying the most enviable station in the arts of the kingdom. As President of the Royal Academy, and without a rival or compeer, his company and conversation were courted by the most illustrious and most eminent persons of the country: he successfully painted the personal features of some of the greatest men and most elegant women of the

kingdom. He lived in a noble mansion in Russell Square, which was replenished with some of the most interesting works of art; and thus possessed all that was calculated to give zest and delight to life. In this situation, and in the full career of still-increasing fame and fortune, he was, with little notice and preparation, arrested by the icy hand of death, on the 7th of January, 1830, when he had attained the sixty-second year of his age. As a boy, young Lawrence manifested more than common precocity of talent and taste. His fond mother invited many of her guests to examine and admire the pencil portraits by the child. Some of these drawings are still preserved at Devizes. When a young man, he was distinguished and praised for his accomplishments in dancing, singing, poetry, recitation, &c., and his company was courted at the convivial board and evening parties. Introduced by his professional talents to the houses of princes and nobles, he progressively acquired their habits and manners, became a courtier in address and deportment, and thus forsook the candid, unvarnished character of the "true-born Englishman," for the assumed actor in real life. Thus it too frequently happens, that man is injured by departing from a natural to an artificial atmosphere; by transplantation in a late period of life from a congenial to a discordant soil.

Oppressed with commissions, in the zenith of fame, accomplished in manners, but more accomplished in the fascinating

art he professed, with all his faculties acute and active, he might have attained higher honours and increased fame, had his life been spared a few years more; for every new picture he produced, exhibited some new beauty, or novel trait of skill. The late Mr. Muss, the enamel painter, who had copied some of Sir Thomas's pictures, was ever desirous, but always terrified, of submitting his copies to the fastidious scrutiny of the President, who, he said, possessed a natural microscope in his eye, that enabled him, not only to see the smallest defects in the progress of execution, but even those that might appear when the work was finished. That excellent artist, who died in the prime of life, and fell a martyr to his own zeal and assiduous devotion to art, always spoke of Sir Thomas's lessons and council with gratitude and intense admiration. Another trait of the President's fastidiousness and generous patronage, occurred a very short time before his death. Wishing to serve a young enamel painter (Mr. W. Essex), he not only commissioned him to make a miniature from one of his best portraits (the Duchess of Northumberland), but inspected all the enamel colours, advised with him respecting their qualities, watched the progress of the work, and drew some of the features on the plate. Alas! he did not live to see the work completed, — nor hear the grateful praises of the young artist.

There is one subject connected with the memory and works

of this eminent artist, which demands a passing remark in this place. Though, I believe, he was not the first to commence the practice (for he was not mercenary) of demanding *extravagant sums* from engravers and publishers for the loan of his pictures, to be engraved from; he latterly obtained many thousands of pounds on that account. It is said that his executor, since his decease, has demanded 1000*l.* for the loan of his own portrait for engraving.

In the Memoir of Sir Thomas, now preparing by Mr. Campbell, the talented author of the "Pleasures of Hope," &c. it is expected that this system will be fully explained, and properly reprobated. This Memoir, by one who has written so many interesting essays on art and artists in the "New Monthly Magazine," is looked for with deep anxiety.

NOTE IV. PAGE 13.

Water-dock essence, and balsam of honey.

Two famous, or rather infamous, quack medicines of the time, invented by Sir John Hill. (See Note xiv.) Then, as now, empyrics preyed on the gullibility of the credulous and ignorant; yet our satiric author is rather too hard on the medical profession, when he represents all the M. D.'s as dolts and dunderheads, practising on the blunderheads.

From the days of Galen and Paracelsus, quacks have always prevailed, and will continue to "flourish" as long as

ignorance and credulity last, for these are at once its victims and prey. It is, however, lamentable to find that periodical literature, and the national exchequer, encourage and profit by the vile impositions and deleterious compounds of nostrum-mongers. The "water-dock essence, and balsam of honey," were perhaps of harmless, if not of beneficial qualities. Places of fashionable resort, such as Bath, Cheltenham, Brighton, &c. have alway been haunted by quacks, not only in medicine, but in religion and in morals, as if fashion was a sort of carrion to attract the crows and kites of the human race. Such have been the Grahams, the Bossies, the Brodums, the Solomons, the Coopers, and other life-*leeches*.

NOTE V. PAGE 14.

With testic' equin', that she takes every night.

Ridiculing the apothecaries' hieroglyphical jargon, and the fanaticism of the Methodist, the satirist has here another sly hit at the females. He is sapping a mine in a covered way.

NOTE VI. PAGE 14.

On a pillion.

Although we seldom see ladies seated on *pillions* "now-a-days," it was very common at the middle of the last century. The wives and daughters of respectable yeomen and farmers

generally rode thus to fairs, and to visit their neighbours: but the "march of intellect," and the gallop of fashion, have rendered the pillion almost obsolete and unknown; whilst the handsome side-saddle, on the back of a frisky hackney, is now substituted. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"—Where will innovation and rivalry cease? Many a time has the writer of this note, at the age of ten, been placed astride the back of a large cart-horse, with a bulky female behind him, trotting through dirty lanes and never-mended roads. The Wiltshire and Somersetshire yeomen and farmers, only half a century back, knew nothing of gigs, chaises, or stanhopes, and many of their houses were scarcely approachable in winter and wet weather, but on horseback.

Note vii. Page 15.

Take a small flight as a fugitive piece.

The amiable and respectable Mr. Dodsley, who published many editions of the "New Bath Guide," was a bookseller in Pall Mall, London. In the humble station of footman to the honourable Mrs. Lowther, he was author of a volume of poems, under the title of "*The Muse in Livery.*" Pope, and many other literary persons, afterwards befriended him, and the man in livery was thus enabled to commence the man of business. He wrote and printed several works; and also

published "*Fugitive Pieces*," in two vols. 8vo. the contributions of Spence, Lord Whitworth, Burke, Cooper, Hill, and other authors.

Mr. Dodsley acknowledged, about ten years after he had purchased the "Bath Guide," that the profits from its sale were greater than on any other book he had published. He generously gave up the copy-right to the author in 1777: his name, however, appears as publisher to a 12th edition, in 1784. The author had 200*l.* for the copy-right after the second edition. See "Some Account of the Life of Christopher Anstey," 4to. pp. xxiii. xxiv.

NOTE VIII. PAGE 19.

Fashion, like Mrs. Gibbons.

Fashion and folly are here fully, freely, and forcibly depicted. A masquerade and France are well chosen as the places of parentage and education for that Proteus chameleon, fashion; and Mrs. Gibbons, a noted flirt and belle, with Miss Janetta Cook, are pointed out as the living disciples of "the sweet goddess." This "specimen of a modern ode" is perhaps the best of the author's writings. It is smooth, free, poignant, apposite; and though allusive to time and place, is calculated to last for many ages, with the quality of being perpetually fresh and vivid.

Note ix. Page 30.

With horns and with trumpets, with fiddles and drums.

Anstey, Smollett, Graves, and other authors, who commented on the manners of the Bathonians about the middle of the last century, very properly reprobate the practice of greeting all the visitors with noise and clamour. The Blunderheads might be excused for encouraging and enjoying such things, but the invalid and man of sense would rather forego those vulgar salutations, which were only calculated to support idleness and dissolute habits. The amiable and witty Graves, in his "*Spiritual Quixote*," says —

"The greatest charity we can bestow on people of fashion, at a public place, is the furnishing them something new to talk of. A new singer, a new philosopher, a new rope-dancer, or a new preacher, are objects equally amusing to the idle and indolent that frequent Bath.

"It is a tedious circle of unmeaning hurry, anxiety, and fatigue; of fancied enjoyments, and real chagrins. To-day one is in vogue, the lord knows why; to-morrow deserted, and equally without reason. In the former case, one is pestered and distracted with a variety of engagements; in the latter, left a prey to melancholy, and the disagreeable reflections on the slights we meet with. Such, indeed, is the spirit

of public places. Every one is aspiring after the company of his superiors, while he despises his equals, and sacrifices the real enjoyment of friendly conversation to the foolish ambition of being seen in what is called *good company*. In short, nothing can be more trifling than the life of a lady, nor more insipid than that of a gentleman, at Bath; the one is a constant series of flirting and gadding about,—the other of sauntering from place to place, without any scheme or pursuit. Scandal, or fashions, engross the conversation of the former; the news of the day, the price of fish, the history of the preceding night at the tavern, or savoury anticipations of their next debauch, furnish out the morning entertainment of the latter."

NOTE X. PAGE 31.

The colliers' ponies.

Coal is found in abundance in the vicinity of Bath, and is generally conveyed, on the backs of small horses and asses, from the pit to the city. These animals form a singular contrast to their male and female *masters*; the former being humble, meek, poor, docile, and covered with wounds and bruises; whilst the latter are bold, daring, impudent, cruel, and hardened in muscle and in heart. One creeps along the face of the earth, oppressed with a heavy burden, and

with smarting sides; the other walks firm, upright, and reckless of the past, present, or future. Men, women, boys, and girls, are alike engaged in this traffic; but we more commonly see a sturdy, strong, muscular woman than a man, following "a pack," or herd of these animals. This Amazonian portion of "the fair sex," who would look scowlingly and contemptuously on Milton's description of Eve, were it translated into the "Zummerzetshare" lingo, would, however, be a good living prototype for a Hogarth to paint the Hudibrassian

> ——————"*Trulla*, more bright
> Than burnished armour of her knight:
> A bold virago, stout and tall
> As Joan of France, or English Moll."

The dress, language, tones, and manners of the female, but *unfeminine*, colliers, are peculiar to this class of the human race. As they adopt some of the male attire, and probably often "wear the breeches," they also imitate the voice, language, and habits of man. Accustomed to trudge through all weathers and all seasons, they become as hardened and callous as their quadruped companions. With a "word and a blow," the poor donkey is made to writhe beneath their tough stick, whilst the more sagacious and more active horse turns to the right or to the left, stops, or moves faster, at the sound of the tyrant-voice. "Whot — Wher-ree," &c. pronounced

with certain trills of the tongue, and cadences of voice, is the language of command and terror used by the human to the quadruped brute.

The reason of employing ponies and donkies, instead of waggons and carts, for conveying coals, is found in the steep hills of the country; and hence we observe, that the inhabitants of mountainous districts carry corn, hay, and firewood, in the same manner.

Whatever *entertainment* might be afforded by the *tumbling* and *kicking* of the "colliers' ponies" to the B—n—r—d family, we cannot believe that the Clear-head family could derive much pleasure in the prospect. What a picture would Sterne have drawn, by selecting one of these poor, sore-sided, and half-starved animals from the group. He would have depicted his sufferings and his wants — his ceaseless labours and endless beatings — the galled skin, perpetually chafed by the wooden pack-saddle — and the many other ills that his life is heir to, — and thus have excited a strong and generous sympathy for this oppressed and degraded race. Mr. Warner, in his "Excursions from Bath," 8vo. 1801, has given some account of the cruel manner in which "the collier ponies" were treated in his time. Speaking of *Holloway*, adjoining Bath, he says, — "Wearied and panting with the labour of the day, to this place the wretched beasts are driven in crowds, as the evening closes, into yards hired for the purpose,

not so much for the sake of rewarding their services with rest, as to prevent their escape from the toil of the morrow. As they pick a scanty pittance from the ditches and hedges during the day, the inhuman master thinks himself exempt from the necessity of giving them food at night; and what is still more barbarous, never removes from their backs the heavy and encumbering wooden saddle on which the coals are packed, but suffers it to continue girded on for weeks together, inflaming and increasing those galls which its pressure originally occasioned."

NOTE XI. PAGE 36.

Hodmandod rides in his shell.

The hodmandod is a shell-fish, also a shell-snail. The word is sometimes applied to a sort of Guy-Faux figure, hung up in fields to frighten away rooks and other birds from corn.

NOTE XII. PAGE 47.

A learned Moravian priest.

Whatever may have been the doctrines and practices of the Moravians at the time of their first establishment in England, they appear now to be both moderate and tolerant in their habits and manners. Madame de Staël calls them "the

monks of Protestantism." In a very interesting novel, entitled, "Wanley Penson, or the Melancholy Man," by Mr. Sadler, of Chippenham, is a particular account of this sect; and the third volume of the "Beauties of Wiltshire" contains some particulars of these "*United Brethren*," as denominated by themselves. As that notice is brief, and apposite to our poem, it will at once expound the text, and be illustrative of the people and the time.—"Towards the middle of the last century, a person named Cennick, a native of Reading, became a follower of Whitfield and Wesley, the great apostles of Methodism. The new convert, a visionary enthusiast, was impelled by such a zeal for the propagation of the tenets he had embraced, that he expended his patrimonial estates in building places of worship in various parts of the country. Tytherton was one of the spots which he selected for this purpose, and here he erected a chapel, and added to it a burying-ground, garden, and other appendages. This was his usual place of residence, and for some years he employed himself in disseminating his doctrines; but when disputes arose between Wesley and Whitfield, and their followers separated into two distinct sects, Mr. Cennick began to doubt the infallibility of his teachers, and at length left their communion, and became a disciple of Count Zinzendorf. This event changed the complexion of the society at Tytherton, the individuals belonging to which followed the example of their founder, in becoming Moravians. As these exemplary

Christians, of the oldest reformed church in Europe, have been accustomed, wherever they have established themselves, to form exclusive communities, they did not depart from their usual system at Tytherton. The clergyman's house, the chapel, and a boarding school for young ladies, who are taught music, &c., are united, and form the principal building of the establishment. Near, and separated only by the garden, is what is called the sisters' house, occupied entirely by females, employed in fine work. Religion, peace, and industry, characterise these amiable people, whose chief amusement is music. The greatest cordiality has always existed between them and the present minister of their parish," the Rev. Canon Bowles, who, in his 'Parochial History of Bremhill,' has given some account of this religious fraternity.

Note xiii. Page 60.

Some to Lincomb's shady groves,
Or to Simpson's proud alcoves.

Lincomb is a romantic, narrow valley, about one mile to the south of Bath, which, in Anstey's time, was a rural, shady retreat. Now it has changed its features, and if not vilified, is villa-fied, by a profusion of cottage-ornées, mansions, gardens, &c. Although many of the valleys in the vicinity of this city abound with secluded and romantic beauties, that of Lincomb is pre-eminent. Hence it is not surprising that many of the citizens should resort to it as a place of domestic

quiet, and sub-urban residence. Before the beautiful *Sydney Gardens* were laid out in Vauxhall-like style, Mr. Simpson occupied the *Spring Gardens* of Lincomb. To this famed resort, my Lord *Ragamuffin*, Lady *Bunbutter*, and their coterie of equally apposite names (see letter xiii.) are described to have assembled at a public breakfast. Sheridan has commemorated this spot and its "alcoves," in some of those "elegant love-verses, which are so well known, and so often quoted. The lines, 'Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of stone,' were addressed to Miss Lindley, after having offended her by one of those lectures upon decorum of conduct which jealous lovers so frequently inflict upon their mistresses;—and the grotto, immortalised by their quarrel, is supposed to have been in Spring Gardens, then the fashionable resort at Bath." Such is the remark of the fascinating memoir-ist of the life of Sheridan; in the first volume of which work there are many anecdotes and circumstances related as belonging to the locality of Bath, soon after Anstey's poem made its appearance. The account of "the loves and the graces" of the Sheridans and the Lindleys constitute a sort of Arcadian romance, which cannot fail to interest the feelings of the young, and also to awaken all the kindlier and amiable sentiments of sympathy and retrospection in the aged. Those characters, and those times, are again referred to in the preface to this volume.

Note xiv. Page 68.

" Come, take my sage of ancient use,"
Cries learned Doctor H-ll:
" But what's the sage without the goose?"
Replies my Master Gill.

Doctor Hill was almost as noted and notorious as Doctor Graham. D'Israeli has instituted a parallel between him and Orator Henley.* As apothecary, player, author, botanical gardener, doctor, quack, and knight, Hill attracted varied degrees of public approbation and censure. At one time in high repute, at another time in disgrace; praised by one person, and horse-whipped by another; he was perpetually before the public, writing in various magazines and periodical papers; and by producing many novels, and large scientific works, he became a most voluminous author. " The rapidity of his pen," says Mr. Chalmers, in Biographical Dictionary, xvii. 495, " was even astonishing; and he has been known to receive, within one year, no less than 1500*l.* for the works of his own single hand." He was the prepaier of the two quack medicines alluded to in Note 4, which had a rapid sale, and produced immense profits. A year or two before his death, he presented an elegant set of his botanical works to

* " Quarrels of Authors," vol. i. p. 79.

the King of Sweden, who in return invested him with the title of *Vasa*, one of the orders of the Swedish court; and hence he assumed the title of "Sir John." Though he professed to cure the gout, he died of that disease in 1775. "A large volume might he written," says Chalmers, "on the life and adventures of this extraordinary man, as affording a complete history of literary quackeries, every branch of which he pursued with a greater contempt for character than perhaps any man in our time." D'Israeli, in his "Quarrels of Authors,"—a work replete with amusing anecdote and acute comment; but exhibiting a lamentable picture of the irritable and irascible race,—has given a fair account of Sir John Hill and his writings. Among many epigrams that were levelled at him, we may take the following as allusive to his philosophical, professional, and literary character:—

"Hill puffs himself: forbear to chide!
An insect vile and mean,
Must first, he knows, be magnified,
Before it can be seen."

Garrick lampooned Hill in the following lines:—

"For physic and farces his equal there scarce is,
His farces are physic, and physic his farce is."

Another splenetically says—

"The worst that we wish thee, for all thy vile crimes,
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes."

To which it was rejoined—

" If he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes."

NOTE XV. PAGE 72.

Mountebank doctor distributes his bills.

The Mountebank and Merry-Andrew were, even till the end of the last century, personages of great renown and admiration in the west of England. They traversed the country in a carriage, which was easily converted into a stage, on which, high above the heads of the gaping multitude, the first, with laced coat, ruffles, chitterlin shirt, white cocked hat, silk stockings, and large paste buckles, alternately addressed the crowd around him, and his motley companion, commenting on " the miraculous, super-pre-eminent, undescribable virtues of his pills, powders, and salves." Still further to enhance their merits, and shew his own humane and disinterested character, he would *give away* these invaluable medicines to all those persons who would only hand up one shilling in a venture to the lottery of many prizes, which he was about to draw. To attract a crowd, he and his zany generally entered into a ridiculous, " droll " dialogue, in the course of which the long horse-whip was frequently employed by the master to secure obedience and smart replies from the servant. Such as : " Ah — O —Well, Mr. Merryman — where

was you born?" *Merryman.* "Where—was—I born? A very pretty question to ask a gentleman of my rank,—my time of life. (Now I'll pose him,—*aside.*) Why, Sir, I was born, Sir, in such a mansion, Sir, as you will die in." "Ha! what, speak out, sirrah!—(horse-whip)—Answer me directly. Where was you born?" *Merryman.* "In Newgate, Sir." (Another horse-whipping: shouts of laughter.) Eating hot hasty-pudding—grinning through horses' collars—ground and lofty tumbling—hornpipes—slack and tight-rope dancing, formed part of these "stage mummeries."

NOTE XVI. PAGE 82.

Kind Heaven has sent us another professor,
Who follows the steps of his great predecessor.

Fashion has ordained a monarchic government at Bath; and its first king (Richard I.) reigned in "splendid poverty" for many years. Though he lived and moved in the midst of luxury and gayety,—though surrounded by the rich and great,—though he could levy taxes to a vast amount, and might have filled his coffers, he died so poor, that he did not leave enough property to purchase a monumental tablet and epitaph! What a lesson for vanity, for folly, for kings, either of great or little nations!

In 1748 Nash was accused of appropriating some of the money to his own use which he had obtained by public sub-

scription. Against this accusation in the "Bath Journal," he "called God and man" to witness its falsehood. In the same paper he also states, "it has cost me more money annually on the public account, than any ten that ever came to Bath; and if it was not for the sake of the Bath and company, I would leave 'em to the confusion I found 'em in."*

Though Nash died in 1761, at the age of 81, it was not till 1790 that a sepulchral monument was raised to his memory. Then, by the kind feelings and active exertions of the late Dr. Harington, a small sum was collected by subscription, and a tablet, with an appropriate epitaph by the Doctor, was affixed to the south wall of the Abbey Church.

The next "Professor," or second King of Bath, was Mr. Collett, whose acts are not recorded in the Chronicles of the City. His successor, the third monarch, *Samuel Derrick*, was a poet, an essayist, a critic, a coxcomb: and these are all legal passes for settlement in the parish of fame. As he reigned when the "New Guide" was going his rounds, it will be proper to give a "pen-and-ink sketch" of him.

Derrick was a man insignificant in person and manners, and equally trivial and inconsequential as an author. He was editor or compiler of several publications, and writer of a few others: but the talent and taste they severally display might be placed in a nut-shell, without crowding. Improvident and indiscreet, he was perpetually surrounded by difficulties, and

* See "History, &c. of Bath Abbey Church."

harassed by pecuniary embarrassments; and although, as *arbiter elegantarium* at Bath and Tunbridge Wells, he might have lived respectable, and saved money,—he died in debt and disgrace, March 7, 1769. His "Letters from Liverpool, Chester," &c. two vols., contain some amusing anecdotes of popular characters; but are written in a loose, careless, and puerile style. In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" there are some characteristic traits of Derrick; but the fullest account of him is contained in the Author's "History, &c. of Bath Abbey Church." His death was the cause of a civil war at Bath, which proved to be of a very uncivil, uncourteous, and ungentlemanly character.

Two aspiring candidates made pretensions to the vacant throne; and, as in other elective monarchies, each had his partisans, his advocates, his friends, and his foes. The flag of hostility was unfurled, and every art and artifice of canvassing and contest was adopted. Placards, hand-bills, poems, letters, squibs, &c. were actively employed. All the wits and all the blockheads of the city engaged in the affray; whilst the titled and plebeian ladies, and unlady-like females, joined in the ranks. Even Garrick prostituted his pen in epigrams and lampoons. All was anarchy, scurrility, and personal abuse. Vituperation and calumny of every kind were actively employed, both *vivâ voce* and by the pen. Even the Bristolians sent a burlesque remonstrance. One party accused the other of being gamblers, fortune-hunters, &c.; whilst the other retaliated

by the epithets, tallowchandlers, cheesemongers, and rope-makers. Affairs had proceeded to a very high state of animosity, when it was proposed to divide the subscription among the three candidates, and place Captain Wade, a gentleman who had been neuter, as master of the ceremonies. This being done, the agitated waves of warfare gradually subsided. A small volume was published of these papers, advertisements, poems, &c. entitled, "*The Bath Contest.*"

Note xvii. Page 83.

A chitterlin shirt, and a buckle of stone.

The Chitterlin is the small intestine, or gut, of the hog, cleaned and knit together in many folds; and the same name was formerly applied to the puckered frill of a shirt. A "chitterlin shirt" was formerly worn by boys on Sundays and holydays, and indicated "gentility." Paste buckles were also marks of gayety or fashion, and were more particularly used by "the children of Thespis."

The late John Palmer, the comedian, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who had occasionally practised in the same humble occupation himself, strutting one evening in the green-room at Drury Lane theatre, in a pair of glittering buckles, a gentleman present remarked that they greatly resembled diamonds. "Sir," said Palmer, with warmth, "I would have you to know, that I never wear any thing but diamonds."

"I ask your pardon," replied the gentleman; "I remember the time when you wore nothing but *paste!*" This produced a loud laugh, which was heightened by Parsons jogging him on the elbow, and drily saying, "Jack, why don't you *stick him against the wall?*"

NOTE XVIII. PAGE 91.

In colour and shape like a chaffinch's nest.

The domestic economy of birds is a fascinating study. It is full of amusement and interest: even in the formation of their nests, there is as great a diversity as in the species. The chaffinch may be considered a belle of the first order in the construction and furniture of her bed-room. It is made according to the best rules of art — compact, neat, close, regular, and with due symmetry; with the finest mosses and lichens on the outside, and lined with clean feathers, hair, and wool, within. On the contrary, the rook, the wood-pigeon, &c. are mere slatterns and slovens. They plat, or lay a few twigs together, and without coverlid or curtain, perform the offices of incubation, nursery, and early education, on their wooden pallet. See Jennings's interesting little volume, lately published, entitled, "Ornithologia, or the Birds," p. 17.

Note xix. Page 93.

As dead in the eye as the busto of Nash is.

The statues and busts of Anstey's time were generally executed without any marking of pupils in the eyes; and the poet very properly represents it as giving an appearance of death. Our modern sculptor, Chantrey, and most of his compeers, have indicated this member of the eye, by which not only a better likeness is obtained, but something of vivacity and expression is given to the marble head. Many of Chantrey's busts seem endued with feeling and thinking, and make the spectator fancy that he can almost hear and see breathing, as if the sculptor had the power of chiselling sound and air. Shakspeare has an exquisite passage in "The Winter's Tale," on the sculptor's art.—Who is there that has not heard and read of *Beau Nash?* and who can separate the words and ideas? Whenever Mr. Nash is introduced, or his name mentioned, we instinctively associate it with beau-ism; yet the Nash of Bath, as well as other Nashs of these days, seem to be strangely at variance with modern notions of the macaroni, beau, fribble, fop, dandy, exquisite, &c. In the statue and picture of the Beau of Bath, we perceive a short, thick, stunted, broad-faced, large-wigged, aldermanic, human being, of whose dancing and grace we can have as lively an impression as of those of a bear or an elephant.

Dr. Goldsmith has left us an interesting essay on the life

and character of Richard Nash; and in the "*History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of Bath*," by the author of this note, the reader will find a brief account of the Bath hero.

Soon after his death, the following lines were penned by the grandfather of the present learned Dr. Parry, of Bath: —

On Beau Nash's Statue. By the Rev. Joshua Parry.

The good folks at Bath, intending to raise
A statue of Nash, to his honour and praise,
A meeting was called, the grand project to settle,
What stone they should choose, or plaster, or metal.
For marble of Paris, some pedants declared;
Others thought this proposal both cruel and hard,
That the beautiful statues of learned old Greece
And the clumsy old Beau should be all of a piece.
Next plaster of Paris, some travell'd young lads,
Who returned so improved to their mammas and dads,
With a shrug and a cringe, proposed to be used;—
But this by the wise-heads soon was refused:
It would ne'er stand the weather. Some mentioned lead,
As that metal would best suit his heart and his head:
But in this the great council would ne'er join together;
Though his heart might be lead, his head was but feather.
But at length, *nem. con.* they an order did pass,
That a statue be formed of Corinthian brass;
This the nicest resemblance would certainly frame,
For the hero and statue would then be the same;
And the best connoisseur would be wizard or witch,
Of the man, or the figure, to tell which is which.

NOTE XX. PAGE 98.

Vide Note xiii. *antè*.

NOTE XXI. PAGE 132.

The languid old Cam rolls his willowy flood.

The rivers Cam and Isis are commemorated in the poetic strains of many an English classic. Gray, Mason, and Byron, have repeated allusions to the dull and nearly stagnant Cam of Cambridge; whilst Warton, Pope, and other Oxonian bards, celebrate the Isis. Neither of these rivers, however, has any thing very poetical or picturesque in their features. On the contrary, both are dull, flat, and insipid, partaking more of the Dutch than of the Welsh character. The vivid imaginings of a Pope and of a Byron could invest even these, or any object, with beauty and interest. Thus the streams alluded to, like the Thames and Wye, of England; the Po, of Italy; and the Nile, of Egypt; are enrolled on the tablets of poesy.

"While *Cam's* bright honours courtly bards rehearse,
Chaste *Isis* triumphs in her Warton's verse."

NOTE XXII. PAGE 133.

Bath,— the subject of thy wayward song.

The dialogue between the Guide and the Ghost of Quin, is at once neat, apposite, and spirited. It evidently originated

from the animadversions of public and private critics, who had impeached the author's morality, or his purity of sentiment and language. The Ghost asks the Guide —

> " O say, does ——— presume thy strains to damn?
> Heed not that miscreant's tongue, pursue thy ways,
> Regardless of his censure, or his praise."—p. 137.

In vindicating himself, Anstey is very severe on the ladies, his monitors, whom he represents as being familiar with the most indecent writings of the age. The person of Quin is happily depicted in his ghostly and bodily form and character. Next to Nash, Quin was a prominent personage at Bath. As a wit and a gourmand, he became proverbial. The latter part of his life was past in this city, where Quin and *John Dory* were intimately associated. Gainsborough painted an amazingly fine full-length portrait of Quin, which now adorns the hospitable mansion of John Wiltshire, Esq. of Shockerwick, near Bath. The same gentleman possesses also a most lovely landscape, by the same artist. In the Abbey Church is a bust of Quin, which, from its broad face, and profusion of wig, invariably attracts the notice of every visitor to that modern Golgotha, — to that repository of monumental tablets. That Quin, like Falstaff, was a wit himself, and the cause of wit in others, is evinced by the testimony of many contemporary authors. Among the *facetiæ* of literature is a small volume called " Quin's Jests;" but probably, like those ascribed to

Joe Miller, of jesting notoriety, he was not guilty of half the punning and puerile sins of which he is accused.

Quin, upon his first going to Bath, found he was charged most exorbitantly for every thing; and, at the end of a week, complained to Nash, who had invited him thither, as the cheapest place in England for a man of taste and a *bon vivant*. The master of the ceremonies, who knew that Quin relished a pun, replied, "They have acted by you on truly Christian principles." "How so?" says Quin. "Why," resumed Nash, "you were a *stranger*, and they *took you in*." "Ay," rejoined Quin; "but they have *fleeced* me, instead of clothed me."

Note xxii. Page 140.

Lawning a hundred good acres of wheat.

The conversion of arable land into pasture is thus reprobated as an evil. Formerly, the country 'squires, and even the nobles, were not ashamed of seeing a corn-field in juxtaposition with the mansion; but the deer-park and green lawn being now regarded as essential appendages to the great baronial castles, every proprietor of "a hundred good acres" must needs appropriate them to pasture, to give a park-like aspect to his small domain.

FINIS.

LONDON: J. MOYES, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 20 February, 2016